

CONSECRATION
AND
PURITY

MARY SPARKES WHEELER



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CONSECRATION
AND PURITY

OR

THE WILL OF GOD CONCERNING ME

BY

MARY SPARKES WHEELER

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"The First Decade of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the
Methodist Episcopal Church." "Poems for the Fireside."

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By Mary Sparkes Wheeler.



“TO

Them who are the called according to his purpose.”

“And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly;
and I pray God your whole spirit and soul, and
body be preserved blameless unto the coming of
our Lord Jesus Christ.”

“Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will
do it.” Rom. 8: 28 and 11; Thess. 5: 23-24.

CONSECRATION

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart; it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only* ALL for Thee.

—*Havergal.*

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CONSECRATION
AND PURITY
OR
THE WILL OF GOD CONCERNING ME.

CHAPTER I.

CONSECRATION.

The question is often asked: "What shall I do to prepare myself for the reception of the fullness of the Spirit, or the blessing of perfect love?" And the answer as often is, "Consecrate yourself entirely to Christ."

But perhaps you say: "I did do that when I was converted."

Yes, as far as you knew, and as far as you were able with your limited knowledge of God's requirements, you did give yourself entirely to Christ. You could receive pardon on no other condition.

Justification is a high and joyful state. It is a new birth. We are born of God; made heirs of eternal life and glory. Our sins are pardoned, but we are not entirely free. Believers are not by virtue of the new birth free from the inward taint of sin.

Bishop Hamline said: "I saw that in my heart were the roots of many evils which, though they could not grow while under the reign of grace, yet were ever ready to spring up under the least declinings of faith and love." Having discovered

these roots of bitterness, he continues: "*I began to cry unto the Lord to deliver me from the remains of the carnal mind; I persevered in almost unremitted cries for holiness.*"

Charles Wesley sings:

"Take away our bent to sinning,
Let us find that second rest."

Bishop Francis Asbury, in the holy ardor of his soul, cried out: "O, Purity! O, Christian Perfection! O, Sanctification! It is heaven below to feel all sin removed. Preach it, whether they will hear or forbear. I feel divinely impressed to preach sanctification in every sermon."

Bishop Foster, in his *Christian Purity*, says: "Holiness always begets happiness. Would you possess the one, you must not fail to gain the other. How great was your bliss when you heard the voice of pardon: when you felt the upspringing of purity within! How the tumult of your heart was hushed into calm, and fear and sorrow, and remorse, gave place to quietness and assurance! Can you ever forget it? But this was only a prelude, a foretaste of that deeper, sweeter, ever-increasing joy of the heart all filled with God." The poet sings:

"There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affections' tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven:
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

O, sacred hour! O, hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me,
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee;
 And when from earth I rise to soar
 Up to my home in Heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more
 To where I was forgiven."

Notwithstanding the great joy that comes into the heart with the knowledge of pardoned sin, there is ever a yearning desire to have all sin die out in us.

King Edward VI, who died in his youth, and was considered the most pious prince of his time, had in his Primer the following:

"PRAYER FOR A PURE AND CLEAN
 HEART:

The heart of man naturally is corrupt and unsearchable through the multitude of sins, which lie buried in it, insomuch that no man is able to say, 'My heart is clean, and I am clear from sin.' Remove from me, therefore, O Heavenly Father, my corrupt, sinful, stony, stubborn, and unfaithful heart. Create in me a clean heart, free from all noisome and ungodly thoughts. Breathe into my heart, by Thy Holy Spirit, godly and spiritual motions; that out of the good treasure of the heart I may bring forth good things, unto the praise and glory of Thy name. Amen!" Here the justified soul still feels the remains of the carnal mind, and prays for deliverance.

Bishop Hedding, when addressing a class of ministers, said: "You have been asked the follow-

ing questions, and have answered them in the affirmative: 'Are you going on to perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it?'

"It is important for you as Christians, and as ministers, to have a thorough understanding of this great subject. The subject is Christian perfection, or being made perfect in love in this life. It is being delivered from sin, and filled with the love of God. I am asked to state the nature of justification, regeneration, and sanctification, and the difference between them as distinct works of grace. I understand justification to be a pardon of past sins; and regeneration, which takes place at the same time, to be a change of heart, or of our moral nature. Regeneration also, being the same as the new birth, is the beginning of sanctification, though not the completion of it, or not entire sanctification. Regeneration is the beginning of purification; entire sanctification is the finishing of that work."

Christ is a perfect Savior. He has provided an uttermost salvation for His followers. We are exhorted to leave the principles of the doctrines of Christ and go on to perfection. It is our privilege to "comprehend with all saints the length and breadth, the height and the depth, and to know the love of God which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fullness of God."

As we before said, the first step to be taken in securing this blessing is to renew our consecration. *A perfect consecration must precede our reception of the perfect love of God.* Paul, the apostle, says:

“I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. Not a slaughtered animal body, such as you have been accustomed to offer, but present now at His spiritual altar your own bodies.” Not dead bodies, but a living sacrifice, dedicated to God entirely, and irrevocably.

As the ancient sacrifices were never to be taken back, so you must now yield yourselves, body, soul and spirit, to be employed in the service of Him who gave himself for you. Such a sacrifice is much more pleasing to God, and more efficacious in securing the salvation of your soul than any ordinary Jewish sacrifice. Paul reasons: “For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctified to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.”

Dr. Adam Clarke says: “All these phrases are sacrificial, and show that there must be a complete surrender of the person—the *body*, the whole man, mind and flesh, to be given to God; and that he is to consider himself no more his own, but the entire property of his Maker.”

Jesus prayed that His disciples might have personal cleansing from sin—hearts purified and filled with holy love. He said: “Father, I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest me. . . . And I have declared unto them thy name,

and will declare it; *that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them.*" This must be *perfect love*.

Paul says: "I beseech you, *brethren.*" How affectionately, how tenderly he addresses them! "By the mercies of God." What a motive for action! The mercies of God; who can compute them? Who can estimate them? Who can comprehend them? Count, if you can, the stars in the milky-way, or all the worlds that roll in infinite space. Count the drops of water in the ocean, or the grains of sand upon its shores: but you can never count the mercies of God. How He has strewn them all along the pathway of our lives. And the promise remains—"He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about"—and "his mercy endureth forever."

Josiah Quincy, formerly president of Harvard College, lived to be ninety-two years of age. He had kept a journal for many years. He was accustomed to sit, in the morning, in a large chair with a broad arm to it, which served as a desk, upon which he wrote his diary. July 1, 1864, he sat down in his chair as usual. His daughter brought him his journal. He at first declined to undertake his wonted task, but his daughter urged him not to abandon it. He took the book, and wrote the first verse of that grateful hymn of Addison:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

The weary head dropped upon the bosom. The volume was ended. The soul had fled."

Let us remember the bright things that have come into our lives.

Dr. Guthrie says: "*We write our blessings on the water, our afflictions on the rock.*"

We say, "I remember when that sad trial came to me. When the light of my life went out. When my wife, or my husband died; when my health failed, and I was a great sufferer. When the earthquake occurred, and the cyclone came. Yes! I remember these things, but I never had as much to rejoice over as many persons have had."

We may hold a very small object so close to the eye that it shuts out all the landscape. So a little trial may be held so close to the heart that it shuts out all the view of the tender mercies of God. And yet, our afflictive dispensations often prove our greatest blessings.

Many of God's children know by experience what it is to go into their dark Gethsemane alone, as did the suffering Son of God, and with crushed and bleeding hearts, and tear-dimmed eyes, say: "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." And on such occasions have not the strengthening angels been present to bear us up, to fan us with their wings, and to whisper words of cheer, and courage? As we have arisen, we have felt new strength imparted, and have gone forth with a stronger faith in the overshadowing presence of the Omnipotent One.

Consecration is *our* part of the work in obtaining sanctification. We do not ask God to *consecrate us*. We present our bodies a living sacrifice, and ask our Heavenly Father to accept our offering. There is no merit in our presenting. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saves us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." How quickly the blessing comes when the whole being is entirely consecrated, and the soul steps out on the promises of God.

President Edwards says in his diary: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself, all that I am and have, to God, so that I am in no respect my own. I can challenge no right in myself, in this understanding, this will, these affections. Neither have I a right to this body or any of its members, no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears; I have given myself clean away."

O, that the church of God may measure up to this standard of entire personal consecration! Then, as with Barnabas, "full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith," much people will be added unto the Lord. Then the power comes, the power that Jesus promised His disciples. Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.

What a marvelously glorious experience had those disciples! I have often tried to imagine what my feelings would have been, could I have stood with them and listened to the words of the Savior,

as He told them they should be His witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth. Assuring them that they should be baptised with the Holy Ghost not many days hence, and that they should receive power that would qualify them for the work. "And then, with hands uplifted, as he was pronouncing a blessing upon us, while we all beheld steadfastly, we saw his feet part from the earth, and suddenly, but gradually, rising higher and higher, until a cloud received him out of our sight."

No wonder the disciples stood gazing steadfastly up into heaven, transfixed—loath to take their eyes from the cloud of glory which received Him—until the two men in white apparel said: "Ye men of Gallilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

"We came with him to Bethlehem, to help herald his birth—we sang 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men'—and now that his redemptive work is finished, we came to accompany him back to the throne of his Father's glory. But he'll not forget you, or cease to love you. He is, according to his promise, coming back for you, and ye shall be caught up together with him. So shall ye be forever with your Lord." But suppose I had been with them, and knew there could be no deception about it. I saw it myself! I knew that Jesus had gone up on high, and entered into heaven, from whence He came! Could I ever

doubt Him? Could any power of earth cause me to lose faith in His word, or in His promises to me? No! It would be impossible.

Thank God we have the word, with the assurance that this *occurred*. And this word has been tested for nineteen hundred years. In it we read: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one, and the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one."

The same baptism of the Holy Spirit, the strength imparted thereby, is for us if we are His witnesses.

"*Ye shall receive power!*" What kind of power? Was it to be political, physical, or intellectual power? The power of eloquence or logic? No! The Holy Spirit was to be poured upon them to qualify them to be witnesses that should convince and convert.

Thirty years after he received the blessing of perfect love, Dr. Daniel Steele wrote: "In the promotion of the spirituality of the church, and the conversion of sinners, I see more and more clearly the *futility of all substitutes for the Holy Spirit*—music, architecture, oratory, literary culture, and social festivities to sway the *adults*, and young people's organizations and amusements to attract the young. All these are so many *fire-flies* in place of the sun, to illumine and warm the world and conserve vegetable and animal life. The spiritual decline over which the churches are mourning began

years ago in the neglect, in the pulpit, of those truths which promote regeneration and entire sanctification.”

To be witnesses for Jesus in the disciples' day—that age of darkness and unbelief—they needed more than natural human eloquence, or reasoning, or magnetic power. Christ proposed to give them supernatural power to energize and quicken their intelligence, to bring all things that He had spoken to their remembrance. To give power to their utterances, and to give them fortitude and strength with which to meet their adversaries. It gave the disciples fresh life and hope, and under this inspiration the apostles went forth to win the world, with the assurance that the Omnipotent Jesus, Whom they really saw ascend into heaven, would be with them to the end of the world.

They returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually praising God. No wonder! Their joy must have been ecstatic. Jesus had gone, it is true, and they were to see His face no more. They were never more to commune with Him in the body; but they had seen Him go up to heaven alive. They were to meet Him again. The separation would be short, and the Comforter was soon to come, to abide with them.

It seems to me if I had been one of them, I could hardly have waited to reach the places, but should have been compelled to *run with haste* to tell the story. They went forth full of joy, full of faith, full of courage, full of energy, and full of

power to establish Christ's kingdom. They expected success. When they prayed they expected the answer to their petitions and they were not disappointed.

Jesus said: "John baptised you with water unto repentance, but ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost. There is a nobler baptism prepared for you, and which you shall receive from Me, to furnish you for the great work to which I have commissioned you. We believe if any of the carnal mind, or imbred sin, remained in their hearts when this baptism came the cleansing blood was applied, every stain was washed away, and they were wholly sanctified. Nothing short of this could satisfy the divine Lord as to their fitness for the work; and nothing short of this will make *us* all that God would have us to be.

Our religion does not consist in contemplation alone, but in active struggle to put all sin out of our hearts, and to help others to do the same. Neither should we be satisfied with Christ alone outside of us. We may believe in Christ as crucified, dead, buried, risen, ascended, without being fully saved. We must have Christ *in us*, the hope of glory. Christ enthroned in our hearts:

"A heart in every thought renewed
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

If our hearts are copies of the Lord's, they will be pure, they will be spotless, without blemish, or

wrinkles, or any such thing, and if kept thus, they will be *preserved blameless*. Then when our hearts are cleansed, they are ready to be filled. The Holy Spirit has full sway in us, and we are sure of success.

Have you not seen times in your own experience when you were in great need, and you opened God's word to find some promise to strengthen and encourage your heart, and as you read the word it seemed full of new meaning? You said: "It is wonderful! I have read this so many times, and I never understood it as I do now." It was the Holy Spirit revealing the things of God to you.

I once was at a camp meeting where the Rev. J. A. Wood, author of "Perfect Love," "Purity and Maturity," etc., was present. He had just entered into this perfect rest. I remember he was called upon to exhort the unconverted after the morning sermon. That used to be the fashion—a sermon, then an exhortation. Brother Wood could not exhort until he had told what God had done for him; until he had proclaimed Christ's wondrous power to save. Holding the Bible in one hand and the hymn book in the other, he said:

"O, brethren, this Bible and hymn book are both full of it. Full of perfect love, full of purity, full of sanctification. I have time to read only one text, but just listen to it: 'And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless

unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' This book is also full of it, but I must take time to read but one stanza. It is this:

'I wait till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.'

Here it is, brethren, given by two eminent authorities, Paul and Charles Wesley. Let us enter into this perfect rest!"

A ministerial brother came once to assist my husband in revival services. Seated in my husband's study, we entered into conversation about the work that lay before us, and the qualifications necessary for the laborers, to ensure success. The next day the brother came in and said: "Ever since our conversation yesterday I have felt that I lack power with God, and I must have the full salvation we talked about. Please tell me your experience. Just how you obtained it, and then pray with me here. I feel as if I could not preach or labor for Christ with this burden on my heart." We kneeled in prayer, and lifted our hearts to God for a blessing to fall on our brother, but he could not enter in because of his unbelief. He went to the meeting that evening, surrendered all to Christ, and by faith the cleansing blood was applied and he was gloriously blessed. He came right over to the parsonage to tell us the glad tidings. Shortly after leaving us, he wrote the following:

“Dear Brother and Sister: Hallelujah! O, I am wholly the Lord’s! Body, soul, spirit, time, talents, my influence, my all, belongs to God. I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. By the help of the dear Redeemer I can hold the cross up higher to-day than I ever did before. It is so easy now to say Glory! *Glory! Glory!* My soul is filled. My all is on the altar.

“It is midnight. I must close. How I wish I could see you and tell you how much I do love Jesus. I am willing to spend and be spent. O, I am willing to take the smallest appointments or to go as a missionary, or do anything for Jesus. Pray for me, that the work of God may prosper in my hands, and tell my friends that my *life is all sunshine!*”

He continued in this happy frame of mind until Jesus took him home. Though in the prime of life, he lived but a short time afterward.

As this subject was commenced with Frances Havergal’s Consecration Hymn, it seems fitting to close with the words spoken by her at the end of her consecrated life. The last day Miss Havergal was living she asked a friend to read the forty-second chapter of Isaiah to her. When the sixth verse was reached: “I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,” Miss Havergal stopped her. “Called—held—kept,” she whispered, “Well, I will just go home on that.”

CHAPTER II.

ARE WE NOT FULLY SAVED WHEN CONVERTED?

“Thou knowest, Lord, I am not blest
As Thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in Thee;
And still I seek, 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.”

Many sincere Christians ask: “Are we not sanctified when we are adopted into the family of God? Can we be lost when we are heirs of heaven? Is it not written: ‘He that is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin because he is born of God!’ ”

Yes. It is impossible for persons converted, living acceptable unto God, in a justified state, to be lost; even if they die before becoming wholly sanctified.

Dr. Peck, in his “Christian Perfection,” says: “It is most absurd to suppose that a justified soul can be lost, without having forfeited his justification by backsliding.”

Sanctification begins at justification. At the same time that we are justified, we are also born again; sanctified in part, but not entirely purified from all sin. Our Lord prayed for the sanctification of his disciples. In his last prayer with them he said:

“Father, sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth. And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.”

Some say: “God has pardoned our sins. We know when we were converted. We had the assurance that the work was done, and we have been members of the church ever since. We have never backslidden, but we are told that we must seek and obtain this *second blessing*, which they denominate sanctification, or holiness, and they quote the words: ‘Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.’ They teach that pardon, or justification, is not sufficient to secure for us a place in heaven.”

Mr. Wesley says: “The term *sanctified* is continually applied by St. Paul, to all that were justified. By this term alone he rarely, if ever, means ‘saved from all sin.’” And that consequently, it is not proper to use it in that sense without adding the word *wholly*, *entirely*, or the like. Again: “Now the word of God plainly declares, that even those who are justified, who are born again in the lowest sense, ‘do not continue in sin’; that they cannot live any longer therein—Rom. vi., 1, 2; that they are planted together in the likeness of death of Christ, verse 5; that their old man is crucified

with Him; the body of sin being destroyed, so that henceforth they do not serve sin; that being dead with Christ, they are free from sin, verses 6, 7; that they are dead unto sin, and alive unto God, verse 11; that sin hath no more dominion over them, who are not under the law, but under grace; but that these, 'being free from sin, are become the servants of righteousness,' verses 14, 18."

He continues: "How naturally do those who experience such a change imagine that all sin is gone; that it is utterly rooted out of their hearts." . . . "But it is seldom long before they are undeceived, finding sin was only suspended, not destroyed. Temptations return and sin revives, showing that it was but stunned before, not dead. We are enabled by the Spirit to mortify the deeds of the body, of our evil nature; and as we are more and more dead to sin, we are more and more alive to God. It is thus that we wait for sanctification; for a full salvation from all our sins, from pride, self-will, anger, unbelief, or, as the apostle expresses it, 'go on to perfection.'"

Paul, in writing to his brethren, the Thessalonians, says: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word; that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, "not having

spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

How do we get the spots out of our garments? We purify them by washing. How are the wrinkles removed? It requires heat, or pressure, for this. They may be washed whiter than snow, but oh, the wrinkles! While they remain it will not be a perfect garment. A hot iron is often used to remove these. Our Heavenly Father sometimes permits fiery trials to come into our lives to polish and beautify our garments of righteousness. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." The trials from which we shrink are often "Steps into Heaven." Sarah Adams sings:

"Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. If we confess our sins,

He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "Whoso hath this hope in Him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure." God's word abounds with these precious promises and exhortations.

This question is sometimes asked: "Are not some Christians sanctified at the time of their conversion?"

In Everett's *Life of Dr. Adam Clarke*, we read: "I believe justification and sanctification to be widely distinct works. I have been twenty-three years a traveling preacher, and have been acquainted with some thousands of Christians during that time, who were in different states of grace; and I never, to my knowledge, met with a single instance where God both justified and sanctified at the same time. I have heard of such, but I never saw them, and doubt whether any such ever existed. I have known multitudes who were justified according to the definition which you give of that sacred work, and I have known many who were sanctified in the sense in which you use that word, which I believe to be quite correct; but all these I found were brought into these different states at separate times, having previously received a deep conviction of the need of pardon, and afterward of the need of holiness of heart."

Peck, in his "Christian Perfection," says: "If there ever was an instance of one who, before justification, had a distinct and comprehensive idea of his inward corruptions, and who sought and ob-

tained *entire* sanctification at the time of his justification, it must be considered, as Mr. Wesley very justly says, 'an exempt case'; and I will add, it is such a case as never came under my own observation."

I remember, on one occasion, while leading a holiness meeting at a camp-meeting, where many had sought and obtained the blessing, and much holy enthusiasm prevailed, a man arose in the rear of the audience and said:

"I want to bear *my* testimony. *My* God is a perfect Savior! He did it all right when He saved me. Hallelujah! He didn't do it by the piece-meal or the halves. I was down in that horrible pit of mire and clay. And this poor man cried and the Lord heard him. Hallelujah! And He lifted me right out. He didn't pull me half way up, and let me hang, and wait for a second blessing, but He gave one pull and drew me out and put my feet upon the rock, and put a new song in my mouth. Hallelujah! What do you think of my experience? Isn't that the best way? Let God do it in His own way, and you need not worry about the next pull."

As he took his seat he gave us a look of inquiry, and I replied:

"Yes, brother! God did do a blessed work for you, when He forgave your sins, made you an heir of Heaven, and put a new song in your mouth. You had reason to sing praises, and to shout Hallelujah! He did not need to do the work a second time; for He forgave "not in part but the whole." It

is a great thing to be converted, to have our past sins blotted out. But is your heart cleansed? Are you free from sin? If, as you say, you were down in that horrible pit of mire and clay, though you are lifted out of the mire and saved with the powers of an endless life, you need cleansing. You will find the mire of the pit still about you, and Christ has opened a fountain for sin and uncleanness, and tells you that you may wash and be made whiter than snow."

Dr. Adam Clarke says: "Complete sanctification *is washing the soul of a true believer from the remains of sin.*"

Rev. Luther Lee says: "Sanctification is that renewal of our fallen nature by the Holy Ghost, received by faith in Jesus Christ, whose blood of atonement has power to *cleanse from all sin*; whereby we are not only delivered from the guilt of sin, which is justification, but are *washed entirely from its pollution*, freed from its power, and are enabled, through grace, to love God with all our hearts, and to walk in his holy commandments blameless." Theology, p. 211.

Bishop J. T. Peck: "In the merely justified state we are *not entirely pure*. . . . But in the work of entire sanctification, *these impurities are all washed away*, so that we are wholly saved from sin, from its inward pollution." Central Idea, p. 52.

"As far as the East is from the West, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

"As far as the East is from the West! How far is that?" I heard one ask.

"Well, brother," was the reply, "you take a measuring line in your hand and go East, and let your friend take one and go West, and I assure you you'll never meet again."

I read of a man who was a great shouter, and made so much noise about his religion that many persons were often annoyed. If he called on his pastor he would begin praising God in a loud voice. He called at the parsonage one morning. As the pastor was engaged and could not come to him for some little time, he excused himself, and said: "I have a book here, brother, that you may read for your entertainment during my absence." It was a work on geology. The pastor said within himself: "I think this will keep him quiet for awhile."

In a few minutes he heard the man shouting "Hallelujah! Glory to God!"

"John," said the pastor, as he came to him smiling, "what's the matter now? What do you find to shout about?"

"O, sir, this blessed book you gave me to read says the sea, in some places, is more than three miles deep! God says he'll cast my sins into the depths of the sea! Hallelujah! They are so far down they can never come up again to accuse me. Glory to God!"

We find by reading our Father's will, that He has provided perfect salvation for all His children,

and He invites us to accept it. He has not left us to choose, whether we will or will not accept the gracious invitation, but He has also given His imperative command: "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." He has encouraged us by many exceeding great and precious promises.

"Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." "Casting down imagination and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

And now, dear reader, we commend you to Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, and may the "God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

CHAPTER III.

HOW SOON AFTER CONVERSION SHOULD WE SEEK FOR ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION?

“Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.”

We think we cannot begin too soon. When the soul is first converted, it is filled with gratitude to God for pardoned sin, and the heart is all aglow with Divine love, and it sings as naturally as it breathes:

“O, how happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above.
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.”

Then it seems easy to go on unto perfection.

John Wesley, in a letter to Thomas Rankin, says: “I have been lately thinking a good deal on one point, wherein, perhaps, we have all been wanting. We have not made it a *rule, as soon as ever persons*

are justified, to remind them of going to perfection. WHEREAS THIS IS THE VERY TIME PREFERABLE TO ALL OTHERS. They have then the simplicity of little children; and they are fervent in spirit, ready to cut off a right hand or pluck out the right eye. But if we once suffer this fervor to subside, we shall find it hard to bring them again even to this point."

Rev. A. A. Phelps says: "At regeneration, *guilt* is removed, the *power of sin* is broken, the outlines of God's *moral image* are impressed on the heart, and the seeds of *all holy* affections are implanted. This is a great work; let it never be depreciated or minified. But there is something deeper, higher, richer, better. Christian perfection means a destruction of the *carnal mind*—crucifixion of the *old man*—a complete removal of imbred depravity—a full conquest of the volitions and affections—a perfect restoration of the divine image. *Negatively*, it is *subtraction*—a cleansing process. *Positively*, it is *addition*—a filling process. Christian perfection may therefore be defined by these simple terms: *Perfect love dwelling in a pure heart.*"

Rev. Albert Barnes, the Commentator, gives us the following: "A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon—he knows not how soon—to be translated into Heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am

I so soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet so soon to tread the courts of Heaven? Is this tongue so soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine so soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips, should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world, and live for Heaven."

But the first important step is to know that we are *converted*. It is not enough that we desire to be forgiven and saved, but we must know that we *are* saved, and adopted into the family of God. Sometimes persons who have never had a satisfactory experience of their acceptance with God, go to the altar to get the witness of the Spirit, that the work is done, and when the blessing is received imagine they are sanctified. This is a mistake. I remember when first converted, at the age of fourteen, I used to hear the class leader sing:

"Ye who know your sins forgiven, and are happy in the
Lord,
Have you read God's gracious promise that is left you in
His word?
'I will sprinkle you with water, I will cleanse you from
all sin—
Sanctify and make you holy, I will come and reign
within.'"

I used to soliloquise in this way. "Ye who *know* your sins forgiven, and are happy in the Lord." That means me. I *do* know my sins are forgiven, and I *am happy in the Lord*, and I have read these precious promises and know God has provided for

my uttermost salvation. Then the conviction would come to me for heart purity.

You ask, How shall I know when I receive a blessing whether God is giving me pardon or entire cleansing? God will give you just what you ask for, if your consecration and faith is complete. "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, *believe* that ye receive them and ye shall have them." Jesus said: "What man is there of you whom, if his son ask bread, will give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask him."

Then, too, your convictions and petitions differ. When unsaved you are convicted of guilt. You feel God's condemnation resting upon you, and you ask for pardon and reconciliation. When seeking sanctification, or entire purity, you ask for the removal of imbred sin. You feel that you need the cleansing blood applied to your heart; and when the application is made, you sing:

"'Tis done! the great transaction's done.
I am my Lord's and he is mine."

and with Horatius Bonor, you feel that

"This holiness or consecration extends to every part of our person. It fills up our being. It spreads over our life. It influences everything we are, or do, or think, or speak, or plan; small or great, out-

ward or inward, negative or positive; our loving, our hating, our sorrowing, our rejoicing, our recreation, our business, our friendship, our relationship, our silence, our speech, our reading, our writing, our going out and our coming in, our whole man, in every movement of spirit, soul and body."

Perhaps you are waiting to feel more joy—greater emotion. Esther Ann Rogers said, after receiving the blessing: "O, the depths of solid peace my soul now feels! But I have not so much rapturous joy as at justification. It is:

"The sacred awe, which dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

You sometimes think: "If I could receive this blessing in the same manner as many others whom I have seen with faces shining with divine light, and heard them shouting aloud with joy, then I would not doubt. I could believe that I am really sanctified. O, if I could get such a blessing how I would rejoice, and how glad I would be to confess to the glory of God that my soul is perfectly cleansed." But the *emotion* is not the *blessing*.

"I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name."

Our emotions vary, and are but physical and outward signs of a spiritual work wrought within us. "There is a diversity of operations, both with respect to the *divine* and *human* spirit, yet the blessed results are the same."

Some who are fully sanctified make no demonstration that an observer could detect. They are consciously saved and enjoy the "blessed quietness" and "wonderful peace" of which the pure in heart so often sing; while others filled with the Spirit are ready to respond to the words of the inspired writer: "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing! Let them shout from the tops of the mountains."

It is true that noise and excitement are no certain evidences of the peace that passeth knowledge. And yet we should not be afraid of getting too much joy into our hearts. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." "The fruit of the Spirit is joy." Rejoice in the Lord always—and again I say rejoice."

John Newton said: "I have been enabled to commit my soul to Him who says: 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,' and who is able to save to the uttermost! These two texts have been as sheet anchors by which my soul has outrode many a storm when otherwise hope would have failed. 'In no wise' takes in all characters, and to the uttermost goes many a league beyond all difficulties. I recommend these anchors; they are sure and steadfast.

In the "*Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*" we find the following incident: The vicar called upon an old man and found him alone in an upper room confined to his bed. But that upper room was filled with the power of Pentecost. The old man's face was radiant, and his heart was overflowing with joy. "Are you not lonely, Mr. Weir?" the vicar

asked. "No, sir; I don't know as I ever was less lonely. I've got my stick, you see, sir," the old man said, pointing to a thorn stick which lay beside him. "I do not quite understand you," the vicar said. "You see, sir, when I want anything, I've only to knock on the floor, and up comes my son from out the shop. And then again, when I knock at the door of the house up there, my Father opens it and looks out. So I have both my son on earth and my Father in heaven, and what can an old man want more." There was the saint's blessedness that would never fail on earth or in Heaven.

Dr. Adam Clarke says: "The churches who give up preaching entire sanctification will soon lose their glory." . . . This fitness, then, to appear before God, and thorough preparation for eternal glory, *is what I plead for, pray for, and heartily recommend to all true believers, under the name of Christian perfection.*"

Dear reader, if you are seeking for entire redemption through the blood of Christ, and feel that you have not "already attained, either were already perfect," we entreat you to continue to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And we leave with you the beautiful prayer for a clean heart that was offered by the sainted Hester Ann Rogers. It was a prayer that flowed spontaneously from a heart filled with an ardent desire to be fully saved. She says:

"The Lord gave me that promise, 'I will circumcise thy heart, and thou shalt love the Lord thy

God with all thy heart.' ” I said: Lord, Thou art faithful, and this is Thy word: I cast my whole soul upon Thy promise; make known Thy faithfulness by performing it on my heart. Circumcise it *now*; fill it now with Thy *pure love*; sanctify every faculty of my soul; I offer all to thee, Almighty Jesus, for my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification. Now ‘cleanse me from all my filthiness and from all my idols; take away the heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh.’ I come empty to be filled; deny me not. It would be for Thine own glory to save me now, for how much better could I serve Thee.”

It is true I have no plea but Thy mercy, the blood of Jesus, Thy promise, and my own great need. O, save me *fully*, by an act of free grace! Thou hast said: “He that believeth shall be saved”; I now take Thee at thy word. I do by faith cast myself on thy promises; I venture my soul on thy veracity; *thou canst not deny!* Being purchased by Thy blood, Thy *justice* is engaged; being promised without money and without price, Thy *truth* is bound; *thus every attribute* of my God secures it to me.

Ah! why did I ever doubt His willingness when He gave Jesus! Gave Him to destroy the works of the devil—to make an end of sin! “The hindrance was in me, not Him. He desired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes; accursed sin.” But now, Lord, I do believe; this moment Thou dost save me! Yea, Lord, my soul is deliv-

ered of her burden. I am emptied of all; I am at Thy feet, a helpless, worthless worm; but I take hold of Thee as my fullness! Everything that I want Thou art. Thou art wisdom, strength, love, holiness; yes, *and thou art mine*. I am conquered and subdued by love. Thy love sinks me into nothing; it overflows my soul. O, my Jesus, Thou art all in all! In thee I behold all the fullness of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God; the intercourse is open; sin, imbred sin, no longer hinders the close communion, *and God is all my own!*

BE WITH ME, LORD.

“Through every minute of this day
 Be with me, Lord!
 Through every day of all this week
 Be with me, Lord!
 Through every week of all this year
 Be with me, Lord!
 Through all the years of all this life
 Be with me, Lord!
 So shall the days and weeks and years
 Be threaded on a golden cord,
 And all draw on with sweet accord
 Unto thy fulness, Lord,
 That so when time is past
 By grace I may at last
 Be with Thee, Lord!”

—*John Oxenham.*

CHAPTER IV.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, ‘It shall be done.’
Obedient faith that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove,
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.”

What is Faith? Webster says: “Belief, the assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting solely and implicitly on his authority and veracity; reliance on testimony.”

This he gives as first of many definitions. Paul, the apostle, gives us *another*. He says: “Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” Not only to believe in the reality of unseen things, but to have the *evidence* of their reality is a great privilege: and it is the privilege of every child of God who has implicit faith in Him. We may not understand all the whys and wherefores, why God seems to signally answer some prayers and leave others unanswered that seem to us more important and reasonable.

Children sometimes cry for things which their parents, out of pure love for them, withhold. The parent sees that what the child so much desires would be harmful. The child cannot understand and thinks the parent is dealing hard with him.

Our Heavenly Father has instructed us to come to Him with faith, and we are assured that if we ask anything according to His will, we shall receive the petition we desire of Him. We know that God answers prayer.

Dr. Pierson says: "I have made up my mind that there are some things in the mind of God that I cannot get into mine. Hence I do not attempt to reconcile the two revealed truths—that God is unchangeable and that prayer changes Him."

Paul prayed for the removal of what he calls "the thorn in the flesh. The messenger of Satan to buffet him." He says: "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me." Paul, evidently, was in the habit of praying with faith. He expected to ask and receive, and he puts it on record that he prayed *three times* for the same thing. How many times do *we* go to God with the same requests? We ask and receive not because we ask amiss; we do not ask in faith.

Paul tells us he got an answer to his prayer. Not the answer he expected, but a better one. God said: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Paul was perfectly satisfied and said he would glory in his infirmities; that the power of Christ might rest

upon him. When the soul fully surrenders all to Christ, and with St. Paul accepts the thorn, and says, "Give joy or grief; give ease or pain, then he can glory in infirmities and sing:

"My Jesus as Thou wilt, tho' seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept, and sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee, my Lord, Thy will be done."

A saintly man of God, leader of the Holiness Meeting at Ocean Grove, Dr. John Alday, used to say: "Please do not sing it that way—If I *must* weep with Thee. Sing it, If I *may* weep with Thee. It is a blessed privilege to weep with Him."

Mrs. Fletcher said: "I had the liberty this day to ask the Lord to show me the shortest and surest way to holiness. Many things were shown me, which I hope to put in practice, but, above all, it was impressed on my mind, live by faith."

Yes, it is the shortest way, and the *only* way. The way to holiness is by faith in the power of the Holy Spirit to prepare the heart for its reception, and to apply the cleansing blood, which will wash not only every sin but every stain away. He is able to keep you from falling and present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

I was once teaching a Bible class in the city of Philadelphia, Pa. The class had grown to a large size, so that I could not often see all present, individually; but as I talked to them I invited them to ask any questions relative to the lesson, or to make

any requests for help in their religious experience, or to ask for prayers for themselves or friends. They responded earnestly. Sometimes conversions occurred during our meetings, and they were often seasons of great interest and spiritual profit.

On one occasion as I stood before the class talking to them (the lesson was on the Crucifixion), I said something about the divinity of Christ. I cannot remember the thought that was in my heart or the words I used. Just then I heard a plaintive moan—"Oh-o-o!" Thinking some one must be ill, I looked in the direction from whence I thought the sound proceeded, but was unable to discover anything unusual. I pursued my theme for the usual length of time, then closed the meeting.

Early the next morning the door bell rang. It was raining very hard, and, to my surprise, a young lady entered. She was intelligent and dignified in her appearance, but looked sad. She asked: "Are you at liberty? Can I have an interview with you this morning?"

I replied in the affirmative. She apologized for coming at that early hour and in the pouring rain, "but," she continued:

"I felt that I *must* see you, and see you as soon as possible. I was in your Bible class yesterday, and you said something that hurt me terribly. I have not been able to rest or sleep since. I had no sleep last night."

I said: "I beg pardon. I assure you it was unintentional. I never wish to hurt anybody. Tell me, please, what it is that grives you? What could I have said!"

"I want to tell you all about it. That is why I am here this morning. I was in your class not because I was interested in Bible readings, but came out of curiosity. Students from the Medical University and others were coming, and I accompanied them. I was not a believer in the divinity of Christ. I was taught to regard him as a perfect example of perfect manhood, but nothing more. I have always been anxious to have positive knowledge of the real truth. I have conversed with many eminent persons, Bishop Simpson, and others, but remained firmly rooted in the faith of my childhood. Parents, whom I devotedly loved, taught me that the story of the divinity of Jesus was a delusion. His precepts and example were pure and beautiful, and all that could be of value or service to us.

"You remember you were speaking of His death upon the cross. Though an old story, it was *new* yesterday. As you continued, I was deeply interested, and soon mysteriously impressed (so it seemed to me) with the truth of Christ's divinity. Instantly I thought, 'If this is true I am undone. I have constantly and persistently denied and rejected Him.' So deeply was I absorbed in the thought that I felt as if a sword had pierced my heart, and before realizing where I was, I made an exclamation and said 'Oh!' I was embarrassed

at the demonstration I had made, but could not help it. My heart still aches this morning, and I want you to tell me what I must do to get relief."

"My dear friend," I said, "I am much interested in your case, and I sympathize with you deeply. But you must give your heart to Jesus, *and give it to Him now.*"

"But I cannot, because I have no faith. I want to give my heart to Him. Does not the Bible say we need not expect anything if we doubt in our hearts, and that we must believe in His atoning blood if we receive His favor?"

"Yes, that is true."

"Then how *can* I pray?"

"Ask Him to take away your unbelief." I was just about to propose prayer, when she said:

"Can we not have prayer? You please pray for me here and now."

We kneeled and I prayed. As I said the Amen, she broke into earnest supplication. She would importune with God for a few moments, then stop and cry: "Lord help my unbelief!" Finally she made a prayer of deep, searching consecration. "O, God, I give up all. First, I give up my unbelief. I believe Thou didst send Thy dear, divine Son into the world to make atonement for its sins—for *my* sin. I give Thee *myself*—body, soul and spirit. All I am, and all I hope to be. All I have, and all I hope to have, and I take *Thee* as my complete Savior from all my sins."

She stopped, and looking into my face, said:

"Is that right, Mrs. Wheeler?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is right."

"Then, dear Lord," she continued, "it's a bargain! I am henceforth Thine, and Thou art mine! O! It's a bargain! *It's a bargain!*"

Rising to her feet and clasping her hands, her face radiant with joy, she said:

"I never was so happy in my life! Glory to His name!"

How quickly the work is done when perfect faith follows perfect consecration. She afterward married a clergyman; was faithful and active in Christian work for several years; then God took her to her heavenly home.

Our Heavenly Father not only answers the prayer of faith when we ask for pardon or purity, but He has assured us that He will supply all our needs. Jesus says: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do." How unlimited the promise! We need not be afraid to go to God for anything that will aid us in the promotion of His glory. "He that spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all, shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" He is a friend above all others, one that "sticketh closer than a brother." We can confide every thought, every desire, every joy, every sorrow, to the dear Savior. In whatever direction our needs may lie, He is able and willing to supply them. "Able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think." The answer may not come

as soon as we expect it, but if we hold on by faith, and patiently wait for the Lord, in His own good time, we shall hear him say: "Be it unto Thee according to Thy word."

Mr. George Cookman, father of Alfred Cookman, once preached a missionary sermon in Washington, D. C. He became very enthusiastic and urged the people to give liberally. He said: "I will set an example by giving all I have in the world."

He then emptied his pocketbook, which contained seventeen dollars. The enthusiasm was contagious. The Holy Spirit rested upon the people, and they could hardly stop giving, and the collection reached an astonishing and unprecedented amount. Mr. Cookman went home and told his wife what he had done.

"Oh!" she said, "George, you must have forgotten that there are six little ones asleep here to-night who to-morrow morning will be hungry and want their breakfast, and we will have no money, and there is no vituals in the cupboard."

"Well, wife, I didn't think about that, but God told me to give that money. Never mind. I'll step up and talk with Him about it." He went to his room and she heard him earnestly praying. Soon he returned, and with face radiant with holy joy, said:

"It's all right. To-morrow morning we'll have the best breakfast we have ever had since we entered the itinerancy."

"Yes! but where is it coming from, George?"

"I don't know, but my Father does, and He is going to send it to us."

He fell asleep, but Mrs. Cookman could not sleep. She kept thinking of the little hungry children that the morning would bring to the breakfast table.

About 2 o'clock in the morning somebody was heard knocking at the door.

"Mr. Cookman, what can that be?" inquired his wife.

"That's our breakfast." Opening the window and looking out, he asked:

"Who is there?"

"I am," answered a voice. "I want you to come down and marry me at once."

He went down, and there stood a magnificent-looking man, a Kentucky planter, who had come to Washington for a day. I need not take time to tell you the circumstances which brought him there on such an errand at such a time, but they were exceedingly interesting and beautiful. When the ceremony was over Mr. Cookman returned to his wife, and handing her a parcel, wrapped in a piece of paper, said:

"Wife, I do not know what is in that, but I'll venture to say enough to get us as good a breakfast as I promised you."

She opened it and found a clean, new, one-hundred-dollar bill.

(This incident was told me by Rev. William Cookman, son of Alfred, and grandson of George Cookman.)

So many illustrations of answers to the prayers of faith come to mind that I hesitate as to which I should present. You will pardon me if I give a few that have come into my own heart and life.

I was in attendance upon a missionary meeting held in one of our principal cities. During its progress the secretary arose and said that last week, while at the executive meeting, where all the appropriations of the Society were made out for the year, she entirely forgot one that was very important—that of a young missionary, who was hard at work in a foreign field—a most devoted and successful worker; but the rooms were not large enough to accommodate the pupils, and they had not the necessary conveniences that would help greatly to ensure success to the school. The teacher had been promised three hundred dollars to aid in making the needed improvement. She was joyfully looking forward to the time when the school would receive the amount.

“And now,” said the secretary, “the meeting is closed, and nothing was done about it. But she, poor child, *must have the money*, and I cannot see how it is to be raised, for our appropriations this year far exceed anything we have ever made before, and we must work hard to meet them. What can we do about this, sisters? My heart is burdened.

Will you not do your very best to awaken interest in this matter, and tell us when we meet again something that will be encouraging?"

The speaker was deeply moved, her eyes were moist with tears, and all who heard were greatly interested.

I arose to endorse what had been said, and to further urge the ladies to do their utmost to secure the money; but as soon as I opened my mouth it seemed as if the Holy Spirit spoke through me. I did not say one word I had intended, but began to talk about faith. I said:

"Let us have faith in God. We sing sometimes, 'He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands,' and it is true." The precious promises in God's word rolled in upon me like an avalanche. The Spirit brought them to my remembrance and I gave them out. I said:

"Is anything too hard for the Lord, or too small for Him to notice? The hairs of our heads are numbered 'He is able to make all grace abound towards us, that we, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.' Can anything be stronger or more assuring? Paul is speaking here, not of spiritual grace, but of *financial* grace. Whatsoever things we desire, when we pray let us believe that we receive them, *and we shall have them*. Let us go to God with faith in our hearts; nothing doubting, and ask Him for this money. 'Now, therefore,' let us 'perform the doing of it.'"

As I took my seat I thought, "What kind of a speech did you make? Surely not a thoughtful one. The secretary spoke so earnestly, and with so much feeling, and laid it on the hearts of the people, and you have said:

"It's an easy matter. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. Just ask God and He will send it."

I was embarrassed, but said nothing of what was passing within. As soon as I reached my home I went to my room and kneeled in prayer, and said: "My dear Lord, pardon me if I made a mistake, but if, as I thought, the words and promises were brought to my mind by the Holy Spirit, let me see the answer to our faith. Give me the assurance that it was according to Thy will and word."

A few days after I received a letter from a consecrated Christian lady, living in a distant city, hundreds of miles away from us, asking me if I could use *three hundred dollars* advantageously in some special missionary work? She said: "I do not mean to have it entered with my yearly amount. *This* I want to be extra. I expect to give my annual subscription just the same."

I answered telling her about the young missionary, and the conversation that followed. The next letter brought the *three hundred dollars*. She said she knew nothing of our meeting that day, or of any unusual need for money, but, while praying, felt that she ought to send me three hundred dollars for special missionary work. Then she thought Mrs. W. does not receive money. She is president. I

must send it to the *treasurer* of the Society. But no! something seemed to whisper, "Send it to Mrs. W. It will be all right. She will know about it." I took the money to the next meeting, read the letter, and together we arose and sang the Doxology. It made a profound impression and many eyes glistened with tears of gratitude and praise.

On another occasion we were holding a prayer service in the Tabernacle at Ocean Grove. Those who wished to do so were invited to ask prayers for themselves or friends. Prayers for multitudes of persons were solicited, for fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, children and neighbors and friends. The last request was for a man in Canada, a drunkard, degraded, debauched continually, and leading others down to degradation and ruin.

We said: "This would seem a hopeless case. A man away over in Canada, separated from all religious influence, sunk deep in the mire of drunkenness and sin. Again we ask, 'Is there anything too hard for the Lord?' There are no impossible cases with God. God can reach that man just as easily in Canada as if he were here. Some one says: 'He is not sober long enough to get converted.' God can sober him. Let our prayers be of faith—faith at least in the work of the Holy Spirit—to convert him and show him his need of a Savior.'"

The brethren prayed, one after the other, with wondrous power. A few days after word came to us from Canada that the man had stopped drinking, and we were requested to continue our prayers in

his behalf. Soon a reliable Christian evangelist came into our meeting and desired to inform us concerning the man for whom prayer had been offered. He said:

“He is gloriously converted, and also the three men who were his constant companions. They are working together for Jesus now, and are having a great influence among the class of people who have known them, many of whom they have rescued, and brought to Christ. About the time we were praying for him, he, without knowing what was being done in the meeting, went to the saloon with his friends, but could not drink. They filled the cup and put it to his lips, saying, ‘Take it. It is paid for.’ But he said: ‘I do not want the drink. I cannot take it. The appetite for it is gone.’ It was no spasmodic work. Years have passed and he is still faithfully laboring for the salvation of souls.”

In the same prayer service in which prayer was asked for the man in Canada, a mother arose and said: “Pray for my son! Pray that he may be saved, and that I may know where he is.”

A short time after, the leader of the meeting met her so filled with joy that she could hardly speak. She held a Bible in her hand. “See, Doctor!” she cried, “how quickly God has answered your prayers. This letter is from my son telling of his conversion to Christ, and he has also sent me this Bible. Just look at the handwriting.” On the fly-leaf he had written: “From your converted son to the sweetest and dearest mother in the world.”

I was once on my way to Germantown to hear Mr. Moody speak. He came to me in the railway car and, handing me a letter, said: "I would like to have you read this. It is from one of my boys. When you have read it I will tell you about it, and I think you will say that it pays to have faith in God."

He said this boy's mother—a widow—came to him almost broken-hearted, weeping bitterly, asking him to pray for her only child. He had left his home and gone away, she knew not where. Mr. Moody said: "That evening I told the audience about it, and said: 'I am now going to ask God to reach him,' and while I pray I wish you all to bow your heads and join me in the prayer." Some weeks after, Mr. Moody was holding meetings in another city. The young lad was passing and was attracted by the singing. He went in, and was the first to accept Christ when the opportunity was given. He left the city, but wrote this letter to Mr. Moody, telling him of the great peace and comfort he had found, and expressing an ardent desire to find his mother (she had changed her place of residence), so that he might tell her of the change that had come into his life.

Mr. Moody was delighted to find that he was indeed the lost boy and that God was restoring him to his mother. He said: "I finished reading the letter, and I thought as soon as I get home from the meeting tonight I will write his mother all about it, and what joy it will bring to her heart.

But after the day's work was done I was exceedingly weary, and I retired, thinking that I needed rest, and would write it early the next morning. But I could not rest. I kept thinking of the mother, and I arose, took up my pen, and said to myself, 'I will make one more heart glad before I sleep.' The letter was sent that night. The mother was on her death-bed. Mr. Moody did not know of her illness. She read the letter, and died rejoicing in the Lord.

The witness of the Spirit to entire sanctification can never be obtained without faith. Perfect consecration and perfect faith brings perfect love. Some wish to test the matter first before they are ready to believe. They say: "I will believe I am sanctified if I keep peaceful and serene, and have the joy of the Lord filling my heart. But I am afraid the sweet peace will leave me when I get out of this atmosphere, away from the influence of these holy people who, by their joyful and definite testimonies, increase my weak faith." Or, "I am afraid I may lose my temper when the hour of trial comes, I have so many things to contend with. If it carries me safely through all this, then I'll believe that the work is done."

'Tis said two men were lost in a western blizzard. They had to cross a river a mile wide. They were afraid. They got a stick, and reached out and tried it with that, then stepped thus far; then again measuring and testing they advanced the length of the stick, until nearly perishing with cold, stiff,

benumbed, they had got half way over, when along came an omnibus loaded with passengers, drawn by two horses. So, some go along over the path in this way, fearing, trembling, hesitating, halting, ever and anon, because they do not fully trust God's promises. Out in the cold, when the might be warm and glad—"Standing on the promises."

John Wesley said: "I believe this perfection is *always* wrought in the soul by a *simple act of faith*; consequently, *in an instant*. Look for it every day, every hour, every moment. Why not this hour—this moment? By this token you may surely know whether you seek it by faith or by works. If by *works*, you want something to be done first before you are sanctified. If you seek it by *faith*, you expect it *as you are*; and if as you are, then expect it *now*. It is important to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points—*expect it by faith, expect it as you are, and expect it now.*"

Bishop Foster, in his work on Christian Purity, says: "The life of holiness is eminently a life of faith. We have before said it is attained by faith; we now say it cannot continue a moment without faith; faith is its very root and sap. The same faith which at first introduced the principle preserves it. But we are not, therefore, to suppose the soul must always be in painful endeavor. Faith in the heart of a Christian, operates when he does not think of it, produces fruits without his consciousness. It is obvious that holiness can only

co-exist with *faith*. Would you retain the state? Maintain with vital principle; watch against every tincture of unbelief, every approach of infidelity; let the life you live be by the faith of the Son of God."

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss experienced the blessing of purity very early in his ministerial life. Writing to his spiritual mentor, Albert S. Hunt, he says: "I received the assurance of this special blessing by *faith*. I went to the camp-meeting (Sing Sing) with an honest desire to get more religion. After two or three hours' struggle to overcome my own heart, and by the help of God to bring it all down to the foot of the Cross, I was enabled to make a *full* surrender. By *faith* I saw my poor, yet entire, offering accepted, and by *faith* I received the assurance that my Father, of Whom I asked bread, did not give me a stone. *Not immediately*, but after a little time, my soul was filled with joy, and for two hours I sat and laughed for gladness of heart. Never before did I rejoice in such an assurance of His presence and astounding love. The simple truth was, my heart was cleansed from all unrighteousness and filled with pure, boundless love. I believed this then; I have believed it ever since, and I believe it now. Oh! what an indescribable peace has dwelt in my heart almost without an hour's interruption from that day to this.

"About subtle mental analysis and nice distinctions I do not trouble myself at all. I am entirely

the Lord's and He is mine clear up to the maximum of my present need. I believe that and everything it implies with all my heart."

No wonder that the Bishop's mouth was filled with laughter, with his heart overflowing with a sense of God's "*astounding love.*" He dwelt in an atmosphere of love all the remainder of his life. And when his earthly life was ended, and he lay sleeping in his casket, among those who gathered round it to speak to the living their words of love concerning him, was Bishop W. F. McDowell. He said:

"Bishop Foss is the only bishop living or dead who ever came to me with no other errand whatever but for the sole purpose of telling me that he loved me. Nearly ten years ago, when I was a secretary, this man came to my office, and this is what he said: 'One of my friends has slipped away within a week. I have loved him for thirty years or more, and never said so to him. I think he knew it, but he ought to have heard it from me. I shall be gone in a short time, no one knows when, and I am going round this morning to tell a half dozen men (at least three are in this building), you among them, that I love them. I want you to know it from my own lips.'

"That kind of thing is easy to men of a certain type. It was not easy to this man. That he said it, with a kind of overwhelming tenderness, to one very much his junior, has made life rich with a

kind of imperishable riches." The promise is true—"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you."

Again Bishop Foster says: "Holiness is power! And when Christians, endowed with this power—purity—meet in prayer, the very atmosphere may be so pervaded by a supernatural Presence that men's consciousness shall recognize it on the instant, and they shall be constrained to say, 'Lo, God is here!'"

We have witnessed demonstrations of this kind. One in 1874 at the great international camp-meeting held at Round Lake. One morning an unusually interesting love feast was held before the stand. Bishops Kavanaugh and Daggett, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Bishops Janes and Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, were present and spoke; also representatives from Canada, Europe, Asia, Australia, and other parts of the world. It was a glorious meeting. The power of God was manifested in a wonderful manner.

Toward the close a group of missionaries about to sail for their various fields of labor, were called, and each spoke a few words. The meeting continued to grow in interest, and as these seven or eight persons gave their testimonies it reached a climax. The power of the Most High overshadowed the audience. The people seemed electrified. The clergymen on the platform sprang to their feet, and with tears in their eyes, and hallelulias on their lips,

clasped each other by the hand and pledged themselves to meet again on the heights of immortality. They sang:

“Our hearts by love together knit,
Cemented mixed in one.”

The benediction was pronounced, and the meeting declared closed, but of the thousands assembled there, but few moved from their seats. They all with one accord began to sing the hymn ending with the chorus:

“Pure robes, white robes,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

The baptism of power fell upon the people. The scene was indescribable. There was no confusion—no noise save the singing—but there was a sound within a sound. A joy unutterable filled their hearts, and the light of heaven shone upon their faces as they sang over and over again the words of the chorus.

As the singing ceased, Dr. Deems, of the “Church of the Strangers,” of New York City, attempted to describe his feelings as he drew near the altar and heard the singing, saying that he never expected to hear the like until he heard the songs of the redeemed in Heaven. In his own inimitable style he added:

“O! paid choirs! O! operas! O! Jenny Linds! O! all the rest of you! what is *your* singing compared with that of these, who sing with the Spirit of Christ burning within their souls, and the joy

of the Lord welling up from the fountain of their hearts?" One of our Bishops said he thought that the Church of Christ had never before received such a baptism of the Holy Ghost since the days of Pentecost.

One has thoughtfully said: "When the mind, like a pure, calm lake, reflects back the light which is shed from heaven, the image of God is upon it, commensurate with its capacity, for the tiniest drop of dew images for the truth, though not the full radiance of the sun."

"There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew; and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them."

At the same Round Lake, of which we have spoken, another camp-meeting was held. There had been very little rain for some time, and everything seemed dusty, dry and withering. Amanda Smith, the colored woman, who has a world-wide reputation for her singing, and evangelistic work, came to the meeting. The subject presented by the preacher that day was Faith, and after the sermon Amanda was called on to speak. She is very dark, and I had never seen her before, and I wondered what she would say. But she made an impression on my mind that remains to-day. She said:

"I was coming along the road this morning, and everything seemed so dry and dusty, and I saw a

clump of grass near the side of the road. It looked as if it was most dead, it was so dried up. But I noticed just over the top a spider had woven its web during the night, and the dew had fallen on it, and the pure drops sparkled in the sunlight like so many diamonds; and I said, 'You poor, dried up, withered, and thirsty grass! How you do want a drink! How you do want the dew drops! And you cannot get them. Why? Because of that hateful cobweb that your enemy has woven to keep the drink away from you.' But I took my parasol and poked the cobweb off, and down fell the refreshing drops. The grass drank it in, straightened up, and shook its thankfulness.

"And now, beloved, what's the matter with you this morning? You want the blessing, and it is near you. The sparkling drops from the waters of life are shining above your heads, but the enemy has woven the web of unbelief between your souls and it. Oh, reach out the hand of faith, and brush the cobweb of unbelief away, and down will fall the honey drops of God's everlasting love, and how your poor thirsty souls will be refreshed, and you will take on new life, and grow in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

We believe in what is commonly called special providences. Thousands of prayers are daily ascending to God for blessings of numerous kinds, for supplying our various needs, for preservation from critical illness, for protection in danger, and we must have faith if we prevail with God, and thus

secure the answer to our prayers. We will end this talk of faith by giving two illustrations of prevailing prayer, by two eminent men of God. First, John Wesley, and last, D. L. Moody.

The following instance is given by Dr. Adam Clarke: John Wesley, with some of his co-workers, had been laboring in the Norman Islands, and had appointed a day to be at Bristol. Taking passage with Dr. Clarke, Dr. Coke and Joseph Bradford, in an English brig, which had touched at Guersey on its voyage from France, they left Guersey with a fine, fair breeze, and every prospect of making a quick passage. In a short time the wind died away, and a contrary wind arose and blew with great force.

Mr. Wesley was in the cabin, reading, and hearing the bustle on deck, occasioned by putting the vessel about, he put his head above deck and inquired the cause. Being told that the wind was contrary and they were obliged to tack ship, he said: "*Let us go to prayer.*" At his request, Coke, Clarke, and Bradford prayed. As they concluded Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong *faith* than mere *desire*. He said:

"Almighty and everlasting God, Thou hast Thy say everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of Thy will; Thou holdest the winds in Thy fists, and sittest upon the water-floods and reignest a king forever—command these winds and these waves that they obey *Thee!* and take us speedily

and safely to the haven where we would be." The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading. Dr. Clarke went on deck, and, to his surprise, found the vessel standing on her course with a steady breeze, which did not abate, but carried them at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, until they were safely anchored at their desired port.

Mr. Wesley made no remark on the sudden change of the wind. "So fully," said Dr. Clarke, "did he expect to be heard that he took it for granted he *was heard*. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving and therefore to him the occurrence was not strange."

Now, we will give D. L. Moody's account of his experience in prevailing prayer. "He, with others on the disabled steamer *Spre*, believe that the vessel was providentially saved in answer to prayer. In the midst of a severe storm, on November 27, 1892, the main shaft broke and plunged through the bottom of the ship. The water-logged vessel rolled fearfully, and the decks were washed by the waves. The passengers became greatly alarmed, the indications being that the vessel would sink before help could reach it. On Sunday, at Mr. Moody's suggestion, a prayer service was organized. Every person on board attended, except the officers and crew who could not leave their posts." General O. O. Howard, who was one of the passengers, says:

“It was the most impressive religious gathering any of us ever attended. Jews, Catholics, and all others forgot differences in creeds and denominations. There was no room for them in such an hour. Mr. Moody read the ninety-first and one hundred and seventh Psalm, which one of the Germans translated verse by verse for his countrymen.

“Mr. Moody offered a most fervent prayer, and made a short address. God heard us and answered us. I went to my stateroom to rest after the meeting, and I was asleep when some one touched me. I awoke to find a sweet, fond little German girl, the daughter of one of the passengers, by my cot. She could not understand a word of English, but my daughter had drilled her to speak four English words, which was the message she brought me, ‘The steamer is coming,’ and then she added her German ‘hallelujah.’”

Mr. Moody says of the rescue: “There never was a more earnest prayer to God than that of those seven hundred souls on that helpless, almost sinking ship in midocean, when we met in the saloon to implore God’s help; and God answered us, as I knew he would. He sent us a rescuing ship, and he calmed the sea so that for a week it was so smooth as it is in this harbor, though there were storms all around us. It was the grandest test of prayer I ever knew.

“My son was with me. Some of his honored friends had instilled in him some doubts about God’s direct interference in answer to prayer. After

we had prayed that Sunday night, I had reached a point where I cared not whether it was God's will that we should go up or down. I was determined to go to rest as though we were sailing safely on our way. My boy couldn't rest. We were fast drifting out of the track of vessels, and our peril was extreme. About 2.15 A. M. he came and woke me, telling me to come on deck. There he pointed out an occasional glimpse of a tiny light that showed over the waves as our ship rolled heavily from side to side. '*It is the star of Bethlehem,*' he cried, '*and our prayers are answered!*'

"Before daylight the *Huron*, whose masthead it was, had reached us, and the waves were stilled and the winds were hushed by God's command, while we were drawn out of the direst peril to this safe haven."

Let us have faith in God!

CHAPTER V.

THE JOY OF THE LORD.

“O blessed work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus’ feet!
There toil seem pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I’ll serve another day!”

The joy of the Lord is your strength. We need strength for warfare, for “We must fight if we would reign.” We have gotten rid of foes within (imbred sin) that used to trouble us, but foes without, lie in wait to overcome us if possible, and we must needs watch and pray. We wrestle not with flesh blood, but against principalities, against powers, against spiritual wickedness, in high places.”

We are always victorious when we are joyful in the Lord, and lift our hearts to Him in praise. The Psalmist says: “I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth.” Not only in my heart, *but in my mouth*; then others will hear our praises, and perhaps be led to seek the same source of joy.

Harriet Beecher Stowe says: "It may be set down as an axiom that people feel the need of amusements less and less, precisely in proportion as they have solid reasons for being happy."

Joyfulness always accompanies victory, and defeat is impossible so long as we move forward. When Darius proposed to Alexander that they should divide the world between them, he replied that there was room only for one sun in our heavens. So when God fills the heart there is no room for anything else. As we can have no substitute for the sun, we can have none for the work of the Holy Spirit; the entrance of which alone can illuminate and satisfy the soul. Take holiness into your bosoms, and grief, and sorrow, and sin, will flee from them. You will find rest, sweet, deep and lasting. Are we not told that "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The spirit of praise means victory over all our foes—real or imaginary. We cannot retain ill-will even to those who try to injure us while we are praising God. Over, and over again, we are exhorted to lay aside all care, and anxiety, all sorrow and fear. We are to cast our burden upon the Lord; being assured that he careth for us, and will supply all our *needs*; not all our *desires*, perhaps, but if we go forth in the path of duty, rejoicing in the Lord, and doing the best we can, we will find

the promise *true* that all things work together for good to those who love God, and love Him supremely.

No matter how forbidding circumstances may seem to be, God's grace will never fail us. We are to count it all joy when we fall into diverse temptations, for "the trial of our faith is more precious than gold." We are not to be distressed or to think it strange concerning fiery trials that may come to us. The trials we sometimes fear the *most* are often blessings in disguise, and work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. How constantly the dear Lord encouraged His disciples: "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. I go to prepare a place for you." Blessed Savior! What more could He have said, or done, to make us trust Him perfectly, and give us perfect peace?

Spurgeon says: "A child of God should be a visible beatitude for joy and happiness, and a living doxology for gratitude and adoration."

Madam Guyon, shut within her gloomy prison, without any earthly comfort or hope, rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory. She says:

"The joy of my heart gave brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies, and the manacles on my arms like diamonds."

Her triumphant and contented heart found expression often in the hymns she wrote and sang.

We give but one stanza of her many joyful songs:

“Naught have I else to do—
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.”

Yes, God bows his ear well pleased to listen to our songs of praise.

Some years ago I had been leading a Mothers' Meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J. At its close a lady asked: “Can I have an interview with you for a short time?”

I said, “Yes.”

Taking a seat beside me she looked into my face, her eyes wet with tears, and said:

“Have you anything for a broken heart? My heart is broken.” Then she told me of her joyful and prosperous life with her husband and children; of the change that came to her as death entered her home and took her noble husband and beautiful daughter and also her only son. Soon her home and fortune were swept away, and said she: “You see, I have nothing to live for.”

I listened with interest. She was unusually intelligent, beautiful and refined. One person speaking of her said: “Her face looks like the face of the Madonna.”

I said: “My sister, you have passed through fiery trials, but do not be discouraged. God loves you,

and sympathizes with you. You have told me that you were all Christians, and lived as near to God as you knew how. Our highest ambition for our loved ones is that they may reach heaven as their final home. Your dear ones have reached their home sooner than you desired, but God will restore them to you, for

“We shall gather home at last,
And we'll hold our jewels fast
In the Kingdom.”

Do not, dear sister, sadden your heart by lingering about their tombs. If you listen you may hear the angels whisper, ‘They are not here. They have arisen!’ Go tell the story of redemption to those who know it not. Seek out some one who has deep sorrow with no one to care for, or to sympathize with them, and ministering to others will bring relief to your own heart.”

“Oh!” she said, “I am so sad. When I arise in the morning the earth seems shrouded in gloom. No person in the Grove can be more unhappy than I. Tell me what to do. I must find relief.”

“Well,” I said, “when you first arise in the morning sing the doxology—‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow.’”

“I would like to sing it,” she said, “but I do not feel like it. How can I when I am so sad?”

“I know singing and sadness do not harmonize very well. We sometimes sing when our hearts are sad, but we are apt to sing in mournful numbers.

We do not sing praises. The Psalmist says: 'I will sing; yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord. In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pair-lion.' Never mind about the feeling. Do not trust the sweetest frame of mind, but trust Jesus, and praise God."

A few years after, while seated in the Auditorium, a lady came up behind me and, greeting me most affectionately, said: "You do not know me. Do you remember, once upon a time, a woman in deep distress asked for an interview and inquired if you had anything for a broken heart?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I remember that very well."

"I am that person," she said. "Your receipt lifted me out of my gloom, and set me to work for Jesus. The more I learned of God, of His holiness and purity, the more I felt my need of being cleansed from inbred sin. I resolved to consecrate myself anew, and I laid all upon the altar and earnestly prayed: 'Take me, dear Lord, cleanse me from all sin, and make my heart whiter than snow.' God heard my prayer, and gave me complete deliverance from remaining corruption. When purified, He filled me with Pentecostal power. My soul is continually filled with light and love and joy; and now I think the Grove does not contain a happier woman than I."

A man saw another's windmill with the inscription "God is love" upon it.

"Is your God's love as fickle as the wind?" he asked, "changing with every wind that blows?"

"No!" was the reply. "But my God is love whichever way the wind blows."

We cannot be joyful in the Lord until we "*know the love of Christ.*" We must have Christ dwelling in us by faith, "*being rooted and grounded in love.*" Then we shall not only believe that God is love, but we shall *know* it, and how blessed it is to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. But you ask, "How can we know that which passeth knowledge?" Dr. Adam Clarke says in his Commentary:

"When the Apostle prayed that they *may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge*, he may refer to all the boasted knowledge of the Jewish doctors, and to all the greatly extolled science of the Greek philosophers. To know the love of Christ, infinitely surpasses all other science. This gives a clear and satisfactory sense."

God is love, and to be happy—to have a joy unspeakable in our hearts—we must not only believe this truth, but we must *know* it—know it beyond the possibility of a doubt. Joy shows faith; melancholy shows unbelief. The fruit of the spirit is *joy*. "Rejoice in the Lord always—and again, I say rejoice." One happy Christian will win more souls to Christ than a half dozen melancholy ones. No matter how pure and spotless the life may be, without joy it is *powerless*. "An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with."

Fuller says:

“The ministrations of sorrow may be accounted providential. The sombre-faced angel has doubtless a divine mission. An experience of sorrow tends to soften and deepen one’s nature. Still is it not true that those bright-faced angels who drink ever at the fountain of perennial joy are the angels which excel in strength? A joyful soul works to a far better advantage than a discontented and gloomy spirit. A person soured is in no working condition or mood. Such a person needs to be born again—born into a better temper of mind, and baptized with the oil of joy, when, with a happy heart, he can take up the thread of duty and hopefully labor for the incoming of a better day. A sorrowful face and a dolorous tone will never win the world to Christ. They do not properly advertise that religion whose substance is love, and whose keynote is joy. “Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.” The primary elements of the kingdom of God are righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.”

On one occasion a series of meetings was held in a church near me. Much interest was awakened, and many were converted. I became very much interested in a person living in the town. She was a lady of means, beautiful, intelligent and cultured. She was fond of art, and this brought us often together. We called on each other to see each other’s art works, and to discuss anything new on the subject that we met with. I knew she was a

member of a Christian church, but she did not seem to have much interest in the subject of religion. She was benevolent, attended her church each Sabbath, and this seemed to be about the beginning and end of her Christian work. I thought if she were baptized with the Spirit, what an influence she might have among those who loved and honored her. She was a leader in the social circle.

As the meeting progressed, a union testimony meeting was called to meet in the church one afternoon. I invited her to attend. She accepted the invitation. The meeting was largely attended. The various Christian churches were well represented. It was from beginning to end full of interest and spiritual power. Many glowing testimonies were given; and the shining faces told plainly of the well-spring of joy in the hearts of those who spoke.

As she came out I met her, and asked: "How did you enjoy the meeting, Mrs. H.?"

"How did I enjoy it, did you ask? I cannot say that I enjoyed it at all. I never was in such a meeting before, and never heard people speak as they did. Why, those people spoke as if they *knew* that God loved them, and that they were heirs of Heaven. And you spoke in the same manner. I was more surprised than pleased."

"Why were you not pleased to hear them say they had the assurance that God loved them?"

“Because I never heard of anything like it before. I have great reverence for God. I say to myself many times, ‘This *awful* God is ours.’ I think of His awful power. He can create, and He can destroy, but to think of Him as a God of love, I never could, and I never did, in my life.”

“Well, my friend,” I said, “it is your privilege to feel it, and to know it—to know the love of God—and to know that He loves you.”

“Do you think so?” she inquired, eagerly.

“Yes, my dear friend, I know it. God is no respecter of persons, and ‘He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all you can ask or think.’ He is able to fill your heart so full of His love that your joy will be unspeakable.”

We parted. After reaching home, I prayed earnestly that God would reveal Himself to her, and give her the assurance of His love for her. I wanted to call and talk with her on the subject. So I went one morning with Ruskin’s work on Art, as an excuse for calling at that time. She came to me, took me by the hand. Then left me, drew back, sank into a chair, and burst into tears.

Thinking I had happened to come in an unfavorable time, when, perhaps, she was having some unusual heart trouble, I began to excuse myself, I arose to go; and said I would call some other time. But she quickly grasped my hand and said:

“No! You must not go. You must stay. I want to see you now. I have been praying all night

that God would give me strength to go to you, and he has answered my prayer by sending you to me."

She then opened her heart to me, and told me she must have the blessing. We talked and prayed together. When I left her she said:

"I *must* have relief. If I feel no better in the morning I will send my carriage to you for you to go sketching with me. You will *know what it means*. Please leave all, and come."

Early in the morning the carriage was at the door. I got in, and she joined me at her home. We *did* sketch a little, but we talked much about Jesus, and His power and willingness to save to the uttermost; but she did not receive Christ by faith. She said:

"I think I cannot receive it as many do. I have read and reasoned much about these matters, and it seems to me that I will have to *reason* my way into the mystery of Godliness. I'll have to reason my way out of this darkness."

I said: "My dear sister, you can never *reason* your way to Christ. It is not contrary to reason, but it is above and beyond all human reason and comprehension how God could 'be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.' You must lay all your reasoning and wisdom at His feet, and receive Him as a little child."

Just before we parted she said: "My husband has noticed my sadness, and though himself an unbeliever, he wants me to be happy, and he has planned

a visit to Washington, D. C. We start to-morrow morning, and that means that we are to go into very gay society. I do not want to go, but I cannot disappoint my husband, for he is doing it, as he thinks, for my good. What can I do? I am so distressed."

I replied: "Open your heart just now. Enthroned Jesus, and you will not have to go."

She replied: "Oh, that I could! Lord help my unbelief!"

We separated. She spent the night in the same frame of mind. In the morning they started for Washington. It was raining. Dark clouds were in the sky; "but," she said, "it did not compare with the darkness that enshrouded my mind. The burden that rested upon me seemed unendurable. Just then the sunlight burst through the dark clouds, gilding them with glory, and I thought:

"'Oh, how beautiful! That would be lovely on canvas. If it would only remain long enough I would like to paint it, but God paints better than any earthly artist. He does not forget even the little violet or lily of the valley. He touches them and they spring forth to brighten the earth. Why does He do it? It must be *love* that prompts Him.'

"I closed my eyes, and clasping my hands, I lifted my heart, and said quietly: 'O God, I doubt no longer. I *know* Thou art LOVE.' Instantly my soul was flooded with Divine light. Radiant light from above seemed to fill the whole car. I looked up

to see what had happened. I thought the ventilators had been opened, for the light was streaming in from some source. My husband said:

“ ‘What’s the matter, dear?’

“I said:

“ ‘Oh, Theodore, God is love!’

“ ‘But, my dear, we are in the car now. Please say nothing about it here.’

“I can’t help it, Theodore. God is love. Hallelujah!”

Her experience reminded me of that of Mrs. Jonathan Edwards, wife of one of the most eminent Presbyterian ministers of his day. He was at one time president of Princeton College. She had a remarkable experience of the deep things of God.

In the year 1742 she sought and found what she called “the full assurance of faith.” In relating her experience, she said:

“I cannot find language to express how *certain* the everlasting love of God appeared. Mountains and hills were but shadows to it. My safety and happiness, and eternal enjoyment of God’s immutable love, seemed as durable and unchanging as God Himself. Melted and overcome by the sweetness of this assurance, I fell into a great flow of tears, and could not forbear weeping aloud. The presence of God was so near, and so real, that I seemed scarcely conscious of anything else.

“At night my soul seemed to be *filled* with an *unexpectedly sweet* and *pure love* to God, and to the children of God, with a refreshing consolation and solace of soul which made me willing to lie on the earth at the feet of the servants of God, to *declare* His gracious dealings with me, and breathe forth before them my *love* and *gratitude* and *praise*. All night I continued in a constant clear and lively sense of the heavenly sweetness of Christ’s excellent and transcendent love, of His nearness to me, and of my nearness to Him with an inexpressibly sweet calmness of soul in an entire rest in Him.

“My soul remained in a heavenly elysium. It was a pure delight which fed and satisfied my soul. It was a sweetness which my soul was lost in. In the house of God, so conscious was I of the joyful presence of the Holy Spirit, that my soul was *filled* and *overwhelmed* with *light* and *love* in the Holy Ghost; and seemed just ready to go away from the body.

“This exaltation of soul subsided into a *heavenly calm* and a *rest* of soul *in God*, which was even sweeter than what preceded it. I never think of this experience without an inexpressible sweetness in my soul.”

We give in conclusion, a brief extract from D. L. Moody’s *Secret Power*:

SECRET OF JOY.

It is our privilege to be full of the joy of the Lord. We read that When Philip went down to Samaria and preached, there was great joy in the

city. Why? Because they believed the glad tidings. And that is the natural order, joy in believing. When we believe the glad tidings there comes a joy into our souls. Also we are told that our Lord sent the seventy out, and that they went forth preaching salvation in the name of Jesus Christ, and the result was that there were a great many who were blessed, and the seventy returned, it says, with great joy, and when they came back they said the very devils were subject to them through His name. The Lord seemed to just correct them in this one thing when He said: "Rejoice not that the devils are subject to you, but rejoice that your names are written in Heaven."

There is assurance for you. They had something to rejoice in now. God don't ask us to rejoice over nothing, but he gives us some ground for our joy. What would you think of a man or woman who seemed very happy to-day and full of joy and couldn't tell you what made them so? Suppose I should meet a man on the street, and he was so full of joy, that he should get hold of both my hands and say:

"Bless the Lord, I am so full of joy."

"What makes you so full of joy?"

"Well, I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No, I don't; but I am so joyful that I just want to get out of the flesh."

"What makes you feel so joyful?"

"Well, I don't know."

Would we not think such a person unreasonable?

But there are a great many people who feel—who want to feel—that they are Christians before they are Christians; they want the Christian's experience before they become Christians; they want to have the joy of the Lord before they receive Jesus Christ. But this is not the Gospel order. He brings joy when He comes, and we cannot have a joy apart from Him; there is no joy away away from Him; He is the author of it, and we find our joy in Him.

A man or woman is not fit to work for God who is cast down, because they go about their work with a tell-tale face. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." What we need to-day is a joyful church. A joyful church will make inroads upon the works of Satan, and we will see the Gospel doing down into dark lanes and dark alleys, and into dark garrets and cellars, and you will see the drunkards reached and the gamblers and the harlots come pressing into the kingdom of God. It is this carrying a sad countenance, with so many wrinkles on our brows, that retards Christianity.

Oh, may there come great joy upon believers everywhere, that we may shout for joy and rejoice in God day and night. A joyful church—let us pray for that, that the Lord may make us joyful, and when we have joy then we will have success; and if we don't have the reward we think we should have here, let us constantly remember the rewarding time will come hereafter.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

“It may not be on the mountain’s height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle’s front
My Lord will have need of me.
But if by a still, small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I’ll answer, ‘Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I’ll go where you want me to go.
I’ll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I’ll be what you want me to be,
I’ll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea.’”

Daniel Webster, when asked “What is the most important thought you ever entertained?” replied, after a moment’s reflection:

“The most important thought I ever had was my individual responsibility to a personal God.”

The soul that is saved from sin, and filled with the Holy Spirit, feels this responsibility, and gives to God all his redeemed powers—time, talents, influence, reputation—all are on the altar, and his supreme desire is to give to Christ the best service he can render.

Garret said, when set at liberty: “Is Garret free? Then all his body’s powers shall be given to the new Master.”

We remember with peculiar interest the reply to the youthful and heroic Carey as he stood in the midst of an assembly of clergymen, and pleaded for the redemption of India! asking that he himself might be sent as a missionary to that land. The reply came from one older and who evidently considered himself much wiser :

“Sit down, young man. When God wants to convert the heathen He can do it without your help or mine.”

A proof that conventions of clergymen even are not always infallible in reaching conclusions. We admit that God has all power in heaven and on earth, that He has infinite resources by which He can accomplish the purposes of His will; but in all His dealings with the world He works through human instrumentalities. He only does for us that which we cannot do. Man was created for labor even before the blighting influence of sin reached us. He was put into the beautiful Garden of Eden “to dress it, and to keep it.” In nature God gives seed time and harvest, but man must plow and sow and reap, and God gives the increase.

We see the same principle manifested in the first miracle of Christ, in Cana of Galilee. Though Jesus was Omniscient, and infinite in knowledge, they made known their wants unto Him. The mother of Jesus said :

“They have no wine.”

Jesus said: “Fill the water pots.”

They filled them *up to the brim*. The mother

knew there would be duties for *them* to perform before Jesus would manifest His power; and she said:

“Whatsoever He saith unto you do it.”

When we reach this point, and acquiesce in *whatsoever* He saith, we are sure that He will hear our prayers, and if He hear us, we know that we shall have the petitions we desire of Him.

When Jesus came to the grave of Lazarus, he said: “Take ye away the stone.” After this He cried with a loud voice: “Lazarus, come forth,” and he that was dead came forth bound hand and foot with grave clothes. Impossible for him to move or stand thus bound without miracle. Could not the Omnipotent One, who burst the bonds of death, have snapped the little windings that held him? Yes! but Jesus said:

“Loose him, and let him go.”

So in the miraculous draught of fishes they were again to cast in the net. In the economy of grace there is something for us to do. God has provided a Savior—has given His Holy Spirit to convince of sin, but has left the Church to enlighten the world. The divine commission, “Go ye and teach all nations,” was given not only to the disciples who stood with Jesus as He parted from them and ascended triumphantly to His throne in the skies; but to all who should believe on His name; to you and to me.

“Go!” That does not mean inaction, sitting down, or standing still; but Go!

“Who?”

“Go ye!”

“Where?”

“Into all the world.”

“What for? To teach science and philosophy; to introduce our modern civilization, to raise them to a higher plane intellectually, socially, and morally?”

“No! To preach the Gospel. Tell them of Jesus, of His coming to save them, of His death upon the cross, of His glorious resurrection, of His gracious intercession, pleading even now before the Father’s throne for them—to *every nation*. Thank God! all nations, and tribes, and clans are bound together by the blood of Christ.”

Bishop Berry says: “*Every Christian is an evangelist.*” Not every church member, but every one truly consecrated to God. Such a one cannot retain justification or sanctification without laboring for the advancement of the Redeemer’s Kingdom in the salvation of others. What was the first thought that took possession of your soul after you had given praise to God for deliverance from sin, and for the love and joy so freely imparted? Was it not that your dearest earthly friends might also be saved? and the more you loved them, the more ardent your desire became.

There are many in the Church who imagine they have no special duties to perform. They regard the church organizations as helpful and useful. The Home and Foreign Mission work, with their ap-

pointed leaders, they regard as all right, and as far as means will permit, contribute liberally to help them in the work of preaching the Gospel to every creature.

When their money is given they imagine their part well done. But in God's word the work is not assigned to any one class of persons, but to all according to opportunity and ability.

Organizations for Christian effort do not excuse us. They increase our facilities for the work, and thus increase our responsibility *to work*. We can no longer plead ignorance of the wants and woes of our heathen sisters, or the manner in which we may reach them, when information is diffused so freely in all the borders of our Zion. Returned missionaries are supplying information constantly from every field.

"From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand."

These zealous home workers are delivering addresses in all the churches, glad of opportunities that are given them to tell the story.

Missionary literature is increasing; valuable books multiplying, leaflets full of good things both new and old come floating into our homes like doves to our windows—carrier pigeons, bearing on their wings messages of other lands—tidings from afar—of nations in commotion prepared for Zion's war.

You are a soldier of Jesus, and He is marshalling

His hosts, and with banners unfurled, floating in the breezes of Heaven, crimsoned in the blood of our Immanuel, He is calling you to rise and follow as He leads you forth to the conquest of this world for Christ.

Soldiers must obey orders! Who ever heard of a soldier refusing to follow the directions of his commander? and yet there are some who profess to be soldiers of Christ who say:

“I know I am not obeying the voice of the Spirit. I am not willing to do the things that seem of doubtful propriety to my more worldly minded friends. I do not want to appear singular in their eyes by speaking or praying in public, or doing anything else that may be criticised. I want to keep my good name and my place in society, even though it may approach the seat of the scornful.”

God pity those poor souls who are trying to serve Him while they are bound hand and foot by the god of this world! Do you wonder that they find it hard to serve in this way? We cannot serve Him acceptably unless we surrender all to Him. We are not our own. We are bought with a price. And what a price! Well may we sing:

“Were the whole realm of Nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

We must be about our Master's business. It is not a matter of choice with us as to what we prefer to do, but taking our places at the feet of the dear

Redeemer, who by His own blood saved us from the power and dominion of sin, let us ask "What wilt Thou have me to do?" And when His will concerning us is revealed, let it be our highest joy to render any service He may require. One illustration comes to mind as I write :

In the city of D — lived a prominent lawyer, greatly loved and honored by all who knew him. He was intellectual, noble and pure-minded. His wife was a member of a Christian church, but he was not a professing Christian. His youngest child, a beautiful little girl, whom he almost idolized, was taken ill with diphtheria. In spite of the best medical aid that could be secured, the disease increased in violence. As the end was fast approaching the mother was inconsolable—almost broken-hearted. At this time the father sent for me, saying that the mother could no longer hold the child, and as she was still conscious, and wished to be held in arms, they desired one whom the child *loved* to be with her.

I hastened to the home, and held the dear one in my arms until she ceased to breathe. After a time, when all was done that could be done, and the dear child looked as if sweetly sleeping, I said to the parents :

"Now I think you should take a little refreshment. You have been a long time without any, and I fear unless you do your strength will give out."

They consented, if, as they said, I would sit with them. When the table was prepared, and we were

seated around it, there came a silence. I was just about to ask a blessing when Mr. R. commenced. He said a few words, then stopped and, bursting into tears, said:

“Pardon me, Mrs. W., but I did not realize my weakness. I thought, while our dear little darling is lying near me, I would do what I should have done long ago—my duty to God and my family. That precious child last week took dinner with you. When she returned to us, she climbed upon my knee and said:

“‘Papa, I want to tell you something. Docker W. prays over his plate at the table when he eats. Is that wight?’”

“‘Yes, my dear; that is right.’”

“‘Then why don’t *you* pray on *your* plate, papa? You do what is wight, don’t you?’”

“‘It was all right for Dr. W., my darling. He is a preacher, you know.’”

“‘But, papa, can’t anybody ’cept preachers pray on their plates when they eat?’”

“Blessed child!” he continued, “I will defer no longer praying over my plate.”

His yielding to the voice of the Spirit, and obeying the command, brought peace to his soul, even amid this severe trial. The next Sabbath he stood before the altar and acknowledged Christ as his Savior by joining the church.

God's service is one of delight to the consecrated soul. He is not a hard Master, but our tender, compassionate, loving friend, who has promised to be with us always, and He only requires the service of us that is needed for our own spiritual development. Your child cannot grow in strength and beauty if it never has any exercise; neither can we grow in grace, strong in God and in the power of His might, without exercising—using the talents He has given us. We need the benefit the service brings us more than God needs us for the advancement of His cause.

We must not wait always to feel the power before we engage in service, but surrendering all to Christ go forward trusting in His immutable promise for strength to perform, and success to attend our labors.

Mr. D. had been seeking Christ for a long time. He presented himself at the altar every evening for prayers—for weeks, and seemed completely discouraged. We asked:

“Have you given yourself to God unconditionally?”

“Yes; I have as far as I know.”

“Then to whom do you belong?”

“To God, if He accepts me, and saves me.”

“But there are no *conditions*, no *ifs*. You have given yourself to God. You do not expect to take the offering back again, do you? If you give a sum of money to a friend as a Christmas present, you

have no right to take it back, even if he does not use it as you expected—to the best advantage. You do not think of such a thing. What you have given to God belongs to Him. You are not your own. You are *His*, and you must act accordingly.

“Now, my friend, to-morrow do just what you think a man who belongs to God, and who is engaged in His service, should do. Keep on doing it, and I assure you it will not be long before you will have the witness of the Spirit that you are accepted.”

In the morning he said: “I think a Christian should ask a blessing at his breakfast table.”

He did so. His voice trembled, and his eyes were moist as he said the “*Amen*.” When the breakfast was over, he said:

“I have promised to do to-day what I think a Christian should do; and I think a Christian should have family prayer. Elizabeth (his wife) you read a chapter, and I will try to pray. We can all say the Lord’s Prayer.”

He began and finished the Lord’s Prayer; then thanked God for His love in providing salvation for the world. With much animation, he said: “Glory be to God!” And then in a loud voice, he cried out:

“O, praise the Lord! It is done! It is DONE! I am saved; I am SAVED!”

Sometimes if the individual is more retiring and less self-asserting in disposition, the tempter will be very apt to say :

“Think of your weakness. You cannot accomplish any good by engaging in this service. And you may injure the cause by attempting that for which you are entirely unfitted. If you could pray, speak, or sing, like some others of whom you know, then you could accomplish something. But you cannot, and you are not responsible.”

Ah! well do we remember experiences of the past, when, perhaps, with trembling voice and eyes blinded with tears, so that we could scarcely see the lines before us, we resolved in the strength of grace that we would do and dare for Christ. The vows of God were on us, and as we stepped forth upon the promises of God we found they were not treacherous waves or sinking sands, but eternal granite under our feet. And as we thought of the Omnipotent power of Jehovah pledged for our support, of His wondrous love and abundant mercy in providing salvation for all the world, how we did appreciate the privilege of standing up for Jesus! How we did glory in the cross! Our souls were filled with joy, and glad hallelujahs rose from our hearts, while the approbation of the Father—“Well done!”—seemed to be echoed, and re-echoed by the song of the angels as it fell from the skies, and flooded our souls “like the sound of a great Amen.”

Do not be disheartened or make excuses because you cannot labor with satisfaction to yourself,

Moses excused himself of some duties which God required of him, because he said he was so slow of speech. Does God err? Did He who created him not know all about his speech? God did not force or compel him. He allowed him to procure a substitute; but God only knows what Moses lost. I believe he lost spiritual power. Perhaps if obedient he might have resisted temptation. He would not have broken in anger the tables of stone, and as a result of sin died on Mount Nebo. God greatly honored him, and saved him.

Jeremiah and Isaiah both thought they could not speak for God—were too weak and unworthy. But when the angel took the coal of fire and touched the prophet's lips, he cried out, weary and refraining:

“Here am I. Send me!”

When the mighty baptism of power falls upon you, you can no longer be quiet and inactive. No matter if you think yourself weak or unworthy, God created you. He wanted you to work, He gave you the temperament and surroundings He wished you to have. If you have not thwarted God's plan, and wilfully gone out of your providential way, you are just where He intended you should be. Every human life is a plan of God. He delights in variety. He never made any two human beings just alike; and He never will. He wants us to retain our individuality. He knew how He wanted the instrument to be made. If anything is wrong He can make it right. He can tune it and make it bring forth delightful harmony.

Look at that orchestra. Look at the various instruments—some bright and shining, some small and dark colored. Now listen for a moment to each instrument. Bass, tenor, alto, soprano. Nothing striking or remarkable. Suppose the bass says, "I am so unlike the soprano, I can never reach high enough to be of service, and the tenor says, I am altogether *too* high, I cannot come down to the alto. I am sure we cannot work harmoniously." But the Master Musician comes along and says, "You are mistaken. I tuned each instrument just as I wanted it. You are all just right. Now altogether!" They strike their instruments with confidence and courage and pour forth such soul-enrapturing strains of music that we wonder if the harmonies of heaven can surpass them.

One has said: "I would rather have my right arm with which to serve God than an angel's wing." God does not always select the best fitted instrument, but the one near at hand, the ready one.

The Lord said unto Moses: "What is that in thine hand?"

And he said: "A rod."

And the Lord said: "Use it. Do as I tell you with it, and it will accomplish wonders. Thou shalt take this rod in thine hand, *wherewith thou shalt do signs.*"

Moses took the rod but did not appear to fully realize that *he* had any special work to perform. He was going to let God do it all without any special

effort on his part. He said to his people: "You need not fear. You stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. The Lord shall fight for you and ye shall hold your peace." If they had exercised faith, and felt in their hearts that their part, so far, had been well done, then they could stand still and patiently wait for the Lord to bring them to *victory*.

But the Lord said unto Moses: "Why criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Commentary, says: "We hear not one word of Moses' praying, and yet here the Lord asks him why he cries unto him? From which we may learn that the *heart* of Moses was deeply engaged with God, though it is probable that he did not *articulate* one word; but the language of *sighs, tears, and desires* is equally intelligible to God with that of words. This consideration should be a strong encouragement to every feeble, discouraged mind. *Thou* canst not *pray*, but thou canst *weep*; if even tears are denied thee (for there may be deep and genuine repentance, where the distress is so great as to stop up those channels of relief), then thou canst *sigh*; and God, whose Spirit has thus convinced thee of sin, righteousness and judgment, knows thy unutterable groanings, and reads the inexpressible wish of thy burdened soul, a wish of which Himself is the author, and which He has breathed into thy heart with the purpose to satisfy it.

God knew all about the cry of Moses, and he asks, "Wherefore criest thou unto Me? The re-

sponsibility now lies with you. Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

This takes us back to a critical time in the history of the early church, when God proposed to raise up, or bring out a people who should, in a peculiar sense, be His own. For hundreds of years the Israelites had toiled and suffered in Egypt. The promises made by God to their ancestors were well nigh forgotten; but the time for their fulfillment had now come. We need not speak of the struggle between the monarch of Egypt and the God of Israel, but we know that God always leads his children to certain victory.

"Truth in the end shall shine divinely clear,
But sad the darkness till those times appear."

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I rise, said the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."

Israel was encamped, by God's command, on the shores of the Red Sea, some millions of them; undisciplined, unarmed, with their wives and children still more defenseless. With these refugees fleeing from servitude and death were treasured all the traditions of the race: the covenant with God, the promise of the Messiah; all that was true in doctrine, pure in morals, and bright in hope for the future of God's people. It was time they should have a national history and polity.

Pharaoh's hosts were well disciplined, armed with horses, chariots, footmen, archers, spearmen, and

swordsmen. The pillar of fire moved to the rear of the camp, giving light to the Israelites, and confusion to their enemies, who, filled with wrath because of the death of their first born, in the last plague, and the loss of their prey, were in close pursuit.

Now there is difficulty. The mountains rise on either side. Before them is the sea, behind them Pharaoh's hosts. As they comprehend the situation, and saw the Egyptians marching after them, they were sore afraid. They had not the spiritual vision of Moses. When God called His servants to lead in a specific work, he gives them the necessary qualifications. He endows them with the needed intellectual and spiritual power.

Elisha, also, had this spiritual vision. When at Dothan, and his servant had risen early, and found that they were encompassed by a host with horses and chariots, he said unto him:

"Alas! my Master! how shall we do?"

Elisha answered: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Elisha prayed, not for deliverance, or for special help, but that the eyes of the young man might be opened to see the power that overshadowed them, and that was pledged for their defense.

"And he *saw*, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." This was to that servant the visible manifestation of God's omnipotent power.

It must have been the same power that prompted the Marys to go with their sweet spices to embalm the body of Christ. True, there was no sea before them, but there was a great stone at the mouth of the sepulchre. They know that it was sealed; that a Roman guard was stationed there to prevent its being removed. But their faith and love overreached all impossibilities, and as they went forward they said:

“Who shall roll us away the stone?” They believed it was to be done, but by whom they did not know. When they reached the place the stone was rolled away and an angel sat upon it. How often have we had similar experiences as we have gone forth to do some work for God and humanity. Realizing our weakness, and the difficulties in the way, our hearts were palpitating with fear, but as we went forward we found the difficulties removed, and the strengthening angels very near us. Like Bunyan’s Pilgrim, we find the threatening lions chained, or if not, God always shuts their mouths.

God says: “Do not wait for other manifestations, Moses, but *speak*; tell them to go forward.”

Canon Wilberforce says: “There can be no doubt that there are occasions when the intensity of our supplications is the measure of our faithlessness. If we trusted God more we would supplicate less.”

The disciples on the stormy sea awoke their sleeping Lord with a cry: “Master, we perish.” The compassionate Jesus rebuked the waves and calmed their fears. There is a gentle remonstrance in the

question: "*Where is your faith?*" They ought to have endured the storm in perfect assurance of safety. So God says to Moses:

"Cease this crying, this inward struggle. Go forward."

The mountains and the sea say: "Impossible!" Human reason says: "Impossible!" but

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone.
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries 'It shall be done!'"

Unbelief says: "Alas! Master! How shall we do?"

Faith says: "Go!"

"But the sea! Look at its foaming billows!"

"Plunge in! Sink or swim! God will take care of results."

God says: "Moses, you cannot throw aside your responsibility. Do *your* part."

They went forward. As they advanced they increased in power; the difficulties vanished; their enemies were overcome. God gave them glorious victory. No wonder they were joyous and their song of triumph swelled and, gathering, burst in one grand volume of sound like a hallelujah from myriad lips. Were these the voices of men only?

"Hark! Out of the resounding echo, out of the dying cadence, I hear a *woman's* voice. Clear, pure, rich, it soars above the tumult of the hosts. Higher, sweeter it seemed to break the fetters of mortality,

and tremble in sublime adoration before the Infinite. Is it a spirit-voice, one of the glittering host of the jasper city, who hymn eternal praises before the throne? No! The tone floats out soft, sad and human.

“There are no sorrowful strains in the songs of the ransomed; no night of sorrow; no pursuing enemy, but songs of victory. That beautiful voice is of earth, and sin-stricken. Again it rises, the sadness all gone, ringing gladly, joyfully up to the sky. And hark! 'Tis in the Hebrew tongue. *‘Sing ye to the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.’* 'Tis the song of Miriam! And the clash of music breaks forth from innumerable timbrels.”

Yes, God had service for Miriam as well as for Moses, and in the Church of Christ to-day the need of woman's work is felt as never before. Her power for the subduing of moral evil, the amelioration of suffering, and the successful prosecution of moral reforms was never so generally conceded. God has given her ability to grapple with all difficulties in every sphere that has opened to her, and wisdom and power in formulating great plans, and in executing them.

Bishop Thoburn, of India, says: “It seems to me, when I look forward and think about the great army of consecrated workers that God will raise up, as if I could hear the tread of angels' feet on all the streets of our great cities. I believe that God is about to raise up an army of women workers,

such as you know nothing about; such as I myself have never dreamed of."

On the day of Pentecost, when the holy company met in the upper room, they all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus. The voices of these women must have mingled in those supplications. And the Holy Spirit fell upon them with marvellous wonder-working power. The matter was noised abroad, and the people came together, and were amazed at what they saw and heard. They could not understand it.

Peter stood up in the midst of them and said: "Men and brethren, the Scripture must needs be fulfilled. These are not drunken as ye suppose, but this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on My servants and on My hand-maidens I will pour out in those days of My Spirit; and they shall prophesy.'"

Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Commentary, says: "The word *prophesy* is not to be understood here as implying the knowledge and discovery of future events, but signifies to teach and proclaim the great truths of God, especially those which concern redemption by Jesus Christ."

Our Heavenly Father never requires impossibilities of us. He wants us to be co-laborers with

Himself. He does not often bring the angels down to help Him in the salvation of souls; but will accept your services. "If you want a field of labor you can find it anywhere." Perhaps your own household—your near neighbors. "O!" you say, "I have prayed for my children ever since they were born. I send them to Sabbath school. They have faithful teachers who will do them good, and who, perhaps, understand the Scriptures better than I do. The adults in our family go to church and hear eloquent sermons that ought to convince them of sin and their need of salvation." This is all right so far, but it does not relieve you of responsibility. No other person can do *your* duty or your part of the work.

A mother went to visit her son in prison, who was sentenced to die for his crime. With streaming eyes and heart crushed with anguish unutterable, she sobbed out:

"O, my darling boy, has it come to this? I have prayed for you, Charlie, all your life."

"Yes, mother," he replied, "I am sure you have prayed *for* me, but you never prayer *with* me. Oh, if you had only prayed *with* me, my dear mother, perhaps it would have saved me."

We are responsible for our *influence*. "It is a power mysterious and pervasive as the laws which hold and bind the universe. We never write a letter or exchange a salutation without leaving an impression." The influence of our parents, even though

we could spend but little time with them, will linger with us while life remains.

Scarcely a day passes in which I do not, in some measure, live over again the early home life with my own sainted parents. I hear again their words of love and encouragement; their prayers at the family altar, and the songs of Zion which they used to sing. I remember the first time I visited home after the death of my father. Mother was still living, and on her account I tried to put all sadness aside. I met her with a smile, and gave her a cheerful greeting. As soon as I could leave, unobserved, I went to my father's library. I looked at the books upon the shelves, but they were silent. I thought of the many happy hours we had spent there together, and I said to myself, "Is it all over? Shall we never more converse together on the subjects in which he was always so deeply interested? And as I go forth with my itinerant husband to live and labor on a new charge, shall I never more hear his fervent 'God bless you, my child, and make you a blessing.' Shall I never receive any more letters asking 'How are you getting on in the new church? Are sinners coming home to Christ?'" I began to be sad. An indescribable longing seized me for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still."

I took down my father's Bible. He had a habit of marking the verses that he loved best, and now that he was gone how precious were those to me! So I sat there for some time turning the leaves that

his hands had daily pressed, and eagerly reading the marked verses, until my eyes rested on this: "As I live, saith the Lord, the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God," and under it my father had written: "A most wonderful and glorious promise! Good Lord, hasten the time."

In a moment the sadness was gone. A joy unspeakable filled my heart, and the room seemed radiant with divine light, and with an eye of faith I seemed to see my father looking down from the portals of bliss, and saying to my sister in India, and to myself a humble home worker: "Toil on, daughters! This world is to be redeemed! The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, and as you go forth weeping and bearing precious seed, you shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you." And in the sacredness and glory of that hour I kneeled and reconsecrated myself and all my redeemed powers to God, and promised to do what I could to "*hasten the time.*"

We often speak of responsibility in regard to *great things* as though the smaller acts of our lives were performed, or left unperformed without responsibility. This is a great mistake. It is the little things, after all, that count most with God. Listen, and you hear him say: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

“The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served. To be a strong hand in the dark to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a crisis of weakness, is to know the glory of life. When we are thus consecrated, and going forward in the service of our Lord, we will ever find our highest joy in ministering to others; trying to dry up the fountains of sin and shame, to bind up the broken-hearted; to cheer the disconsolate, to raise the fallen, and to do our utmost in every way to make every creature on God’s footstool purer and happier. This will count for more in the annals of eternity than a warrior’s victory or a statesman’s triumph.”

We have opportunities an angel might covet. If an angel from Heaven, one of the brightest and best of the sons of the morning, one of those nearest the Eternal Throne, always beholding the face of the Father, if he could have the privilege of bearing the tidings of this great salvation to those who have never heard, how glad he would be! How quickly he would drop his golden lyre, and hastening to the wretched homes of darkness and sin, he would never fold his tireless wings till every heart were illumined with the light of life. Angels cannot have the privilege. God has given it to us. Opportunity and responsibility go hand in hand.

The photographer tells us if we will sit before his camera a moment, he will give us a correct picture of ourselves. When we arise we look in

vain for the picture upon the plate; but the master artist subjects it to a chemical process, when lo! the picture appears painted by the sun so perfectly that the subject is sometimes more than satisfied; and the artist is required to soften a line here, and subdue a shade there, before the person looks with complacency upon it.

So, for a "*little moment*," as the sacred writer terms it, we are placed before the camera of eternity. We see not the impressions made. All unconsciously we act, think and speak. The curtain falls—the painting is done. The Master touches it, and in eternity it stands forth. He will make no changes. He will soften no lines, subdue no shadows, make no false representations, but every line of beauty which the soul possesses He will bring out. All the impressions made by the acts of kindness, words of love, and even the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple will never be effaced.

Then let us not be disheartened, but continue our labor of love, and when life's day is ended and night draws her sable curtain round us, as we lie down to rest, we can look up into the face of our Father and say: "Circumstances have not always seemed favorable, and I have made some mistakes, *but I have done what I could.*" He will fold us to the breast of His infinite love, and smile with approbation upon us, and we will have served Him as acceptable as the highest archangel that waves his wings of fire before the eternal throne.

CHAPTER VII.

WE COUNT THEM HAPPY WHICH ENDURE.

“Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden,”
Come unto me, ye who are sore oppressed,
The white-haired sire, the young and tender maiden,
“Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”
Ye who have sighed for kindred voice to bless you,
Ye who so oft its gentle tones have blest,
Come where in peace they shall again caress you,
“Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

The soul that is wholly saved from sin, and set apart for God's service, will accept whatever God sends, not only with submission, or resignation, but with joy. For he knows his Heavenly Father loves him with an everlasting love; and will not permit anything to harm him. He knows, too, that what comes to him is by divine permission, and is working together for his good.

James, the brother of our blessed Lord, understood this, and he says: “My brethren count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing that the trial of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.”

Again James counts. He says: “Behold, we count

them happy which endure." "The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." This is true, James, but you are not counting as the world counts. The worldly philosopher says: "We do not count those happy who endure. We pity and commiserate them. There is nothing in pain, endurance or suffering of any kind that can bring joy to one who has not Christ enthroned within. And to one who *has* Christ there is always sunshine in the soul, and this makes a sunny side to suffering." "As sorrowful yet always rejoicing," and while he prays,

"O, for a faith that will not shrink
Tho pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly foe."

he glories in tribulation, knowing that "tribulation maketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

Perhaps you say sometimes, "Oh, if I only knew why God permits this trial, I could bear it better." We must trust Jesus right through whether we understand His purposes concerning us or not.

Madame Guyon triumphed amid all the fiery persecutions she endured. She said: "Nature cries out against the process of inward crucifixion, and the greater number stop short. Oh, if souls had courage enough to resign themselves to the work of purification, without having any weak or foolish

pity on themselves, what a noble, rapid and happy progress they would make.”

When imprisoned within the gloomy walls of the French Bastile she wrote:

“Strong are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day;
But they who thus have bound me
Can not keep *God* away!
My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here.”

But we need not go back to Madame Guyon or John Wesley’s time to find illustrations of patient endurance. I am reminded of the experience of some of my personal friends, one of whom was the mother of the lost Charlie Ross, of Philadelphia.

I met her, the first time, soon after the dear child was taken. We were in attendance upon a parlor holiness meeting. The subject given for consideration was “The grace of God sufficient for us.” The meeting was an interesting one. After several ladies had spoken, Mrs. Ross arose. I did not know who she was at that time—I was a stranger in the place; but I noticed that all were deeply affected. She spoke of the grace of God—how wondrously it had sustained her amid her fiery trial. Among other things, she said:

“Oh, sisters, it is not like death! It is not like death! If we only had his little body here, what a happy funeral we would have, for we would then know that he is at rest in Heaven.”

She told me in an interview afterward that before Charlie was taken she had received the blessing of

heart purity; and Jesus was so precious and sustained her with His presence. She said:

“When the tidings first reached me, they sent a nurse to me, and she sat down and took my hand in hers, as I was on my way back to my desolated home, but I did not need her, for I felt that Jesus had hold of the other hand.”

On a charge that my husband once served as pastor, lived a devoted member, who called soon after we arrived at the parsonage, and said: “I want to tell you some of my experience. I am glad our pastor preached full salvation. I sought the blessing of a clean heart, and God cleansed me from all sin, and after that the Holy Ghost came upon me; I received power, not only to work for God, but to endure. But for this experience, it seems to me now, I never could have lived through the terrible trial that came to me afterward. Three summers ago *four* of my dear children, and my *niece*, my sister’s *only child*, were *all drowned in one day*. My niece was soon to be married, and came to my home to talk the matter over with my two elder daughters, and to make the final preparations.

“Our home bordered on a river, and we had a boat that we often used for pleasure, and my daughters started with my niece to take a row on the water. The boat upset and they were drowned. When the tidings reached me I thought my cup of bitterness was *full*, with the loss of my two beautiful and accomplished daughters, and the niece. Oh, what could my sister do? What *would* she do?

I did not know that the two little darlings were drowned until their lifeless bodies were also brought in and laid in the parlor beside the others. The doctor at last permitted me to go in and look at them. My husband took one arm, and the physician the other, and I went to see them. They looked like so many angels lying asleep. I stooped down and kissed them once, twice, thrice, four times, and my precious niece I kissed for myself, and for her mother. Oh, that cup of agony! I can never describe it! What could I do? It seemed as if the earth were reeling under my feet. I said:

“O God, Thou art the rock of my salvation! Let my feet find the rock just now, or I shall sink beneath the burden of this woe! Hast Thou not said, “My grace is sufficient for thee?” I claim the fulfilment of that promise just now. This moment, Lord, grant me the support I need.’

“Instantly I felt as if the arm of Omnipotence encircled me, and leaning upon it I walked to the window and looked out. It was raining, and the clouds were dark, but I looked through the clouds to the home to which my darlings had gone, and by faith I saw them.

“I know the angels fold them close
Beneath their glittering wings,
And sooth them with a song that breathed
Of Heaven’s divinest things.”

And my soul was filled with rapture, and I said, ‘Hallelujah! Glory to God! He doeth all things well. Praise His name.’

“My son came running to me with a cup filled with something the doctor had given him. ‘Here, mother dear,’ he said, ‘drink this. The doctor says you must take this. It is a little stimulant, and will help you to bear up.’

“‘No, my child,’ I said, ‘I do not need the stimulant. I have something better. The grace of God is sufficient for me.’”

It was sufficient for her in every event throughout her entire life. The tribulation, trial and sore bereavement—a bereavement that seemed to have involved the loss of what had ever made life most precious to her. She not only patiently endured, but thanked God that He counted her worthy to suffer. She used to say to me: “In the darkest night of my loneliness and sorrow God gives me so much to be thankful for that I often break out into singing with the tears upon my cheeks. ‘As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.’ ‘The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.’ ‘I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.’”

While listening I thought of the words of *Gothold*: “As I was walking through a garden one day, I saw some fine flowers plucked from the plant, and I said to the gardener, ‘Who hath done this?’ and he said, ‘It was the Master,’ and I held my peace.”

Dr. Matheson says, speaking of Paul’s thorn: “And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh.”

“There was *given* to me,” can, then, the thorn be a gift from God? I am in the habit of seeing God’s gifts in the abundance of the things which my life possesses, and I call those things the dangers of life which diminish the sum of its abundance. But here there is a complete reversal of my thoughts; the abundance is the danger, and that which diminishes it is the gift. Paul had been exalted above measure; he had been standing on the heights of prosperity and summering in the sunshine of a cloudless day. The cloudlessness of the day is his greatest danger, and there is sent a mist over the sun. His spiritual life has been redolent with a breath of flowers, and there is sent a thorn among the flowers. The thorn is for the time God’s best gift to the soul; there is something protective in it. It has no fragrance, it has no beauty; but it yields one of the sweetest uses of adversity—it reminds a human spirit that it is, after all, only human.

Dr. Matheson is blind. He is learned and gifted. It is beautiful to witness the sweetness of his spirit. His touching prayer ought to strengthen the Christian patience of God’s afflicted children:

“My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou Divine Love, whose human path has been perfected by suffering, teach me the glory of my cross, teach

me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of that hour when I wrestled with the breaking of day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee, then shall I know that my cross was a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow, and the words that I shall write upon it will be these: 'It was good for me to be afflicted.'"

In the year 1847 a beautiful and touching letter appeared, first in the *Rochester Daily*, and after in the *New York Independent*. It harmonizes so perfectly with the subject of which we are speaking that I want to insert it just here. It was written by one whose heart had been chastened by sorrow. Left an orphan in childhood, she had reached maturity; was about to be married to a noble young man, when he suddenly sickened and died. One month after she lost her sight. I will give a brief extract of the letter:

"My DEAR LIZZIE: It is not pleasant to be blind. My poor eyes long to look abroad upon this beautiful world, and my prisoned spirit struggles to break its darkness and bathe again in the pure light of the upper skies. I would dearly love to go forth alone to breathe the air, as free as the breeze that fans my brow. But as Milton once said to his favorite daughter: 'It matters little whether one has a star to guide, or an angel hand to lead.' Two summers have come and gone since my Wil-

liam died in Rochester. We brought him here and laid him down in the grave to sleep, close by the side of his childhood's home, where the quick winds and white waves of Ontario come swelling to the shore; and high above its silvery bosom, clouds, dove-like, are hanging. One moon had hardly waned ere the angels came again, and while I slept darkened my weeping eyes *forever!*

“An unyielding blight settled on all the joys of life. The cup of bliss that I was about to drink was dashed from my lips, and one mingled with bitterness was left me. My choicest plans for happiness and usefulness were forever frustrated. Those whom we learn to love die. The cold earth presses the lips we loved to kiss, and freezes the heart tuned to beat in unison with our own.

“Lizzie! *Evermore I am blind*, and a wanderer, but not homeless. I have God for my Father, the angels for friends, and Jesus is my Elder Brother. My spirit more than ever looks up to God in thankfulness for the Bible—the Book of Books. In comparison *Byron* loses his fire, *Milton* his soaring, *Gray* his beauties, *Homer* his grandeur and figures. No eye like rapt *Isaiah's* ever pierced the veil of the future. No tongue ever reasoned like sainted *Job*. No poet ever sung like *Israel's Shepherd King*, and God never created a wiser man than *Solomon*. The words of the Bible are pictures of immortality, dew from the tree of knowledge, pearls from the River of Life, and gems of celestial thought. As the moaning shell whispers of the

sea, so the Bible breathes of love in Heaven, the home of the angels, and joys too pure to die. Would I had read it more when my poor eyes could see! Would that more of its pure precepts *were bound about my heart.*

“The world may entertain its ideas of a magnificent deity, whose government is general; but let me believe in the Lord of Elijah, whose providence is entire, ordering the minutest events in human life, and with a father’s care arranging it for the greatest possible good. Yes, Lizzie, when storms gather, and my way is dark and drear, with no star to guide, or voice to cheer, my sinking spirit finds a refuge in the world-wide sympathies of a Savior who did not chide Mary for her tears, and came Himself to weep at the grave of His friend :

“Out of the depths to thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of our humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!
Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,—
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony and prayer!”

“Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?
Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,
The power of endless life.”

CHAPTER VIII.

IS THE DOCTRINE OF PURITY AND PERFECT LOVE A NEW DOCTRINE?

“Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then,
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
Perfect love to God and men.”

It is not a new doctrine. A thousand years before the dawn of Christianity, David prayed for the remission of his sins, and he also prayed for sanctification. “Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.” “Purge me with hysop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.” “Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.”

Since the Pentecostal baptism the faith once delivered to the saints has ever been maintained by the most spiritually minded of the various branches of the Church of Christ. Some have supposed that Wesley introduced it, and that it is a doctrine pecul-

iar to Methodism. This is a mistake. One writer has said: "It was the doctrine of entire sanctification that gave birth to *Methodism*." In the year 1760 a great revival spread over England with wonderful power. "A company of believers who had no doubt of the present favor of God, had met to pray. Some of them were so deeply convicted of indwelling sin that with sighs and tears they cried to God for deliverance. While thus definitely and persistently waiting on God, in an *instant* one, and then another and another, began to praise God aloud because he had heard his prayer and given him what he sought—a clean heart. At the same meeting sinners were converted; powerfully convicted, they cried for pardon, and found it. The next night they met again, and at that meeting one testified to pardon, and three testified that God had then and there *cleansed them from all sin*."

John Wesley preached and wrote much on this deep experience. He gave earnest counsel to the early Methodist preachers. He said: "Do not neglect strongly and explicitly to urge believers to go on to perfection. Preach full sanctification. Preach it *definitely*. Preach it *explicitly*. Preach it *strongly*. Preach it *frequently*. Preach it *constantly*. Preach it whenever you have an opportunity. Insist on it everywhere. All our preachers should preach it—should make a point of preaching it constantly, strongly and explicitly."

Notwithstanding these strong expressions with regard to the importance of proclaiming it, some have doubted as to whether Wesley ever really experienced the blessing of Perfect Love. But we are not left in doubt with regard to it. In 1760 Mr. Wesley wrote in his journal as follows: "As soon as Mr. Fugill began to speak, I felt my soul was all love. I was so stayed on God as I never felt before, *and I knew that I loved Him with all my heart.* When I came home I could ask for nothing. I could only give thanks. And the witness, that God had saved me from all my sins, grew clearer every hour. On Wednesday this was stronger than ever. I have never since found my heart wandering from God."

In 1771 Mr. Wesley wrote these words to Lady Maxwell: "Many years since I saw that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' I began following after it, and inciting all with whom I had any intercourse to do the same. Ten years after God gave me a clearer view than I had before, of the way how to attain this, namely, by faith in the Son of God. And immediately I declared to all, 'We are saved from sin, we are made holy by faith.' This I testified in private, in public, in print, and God confirmed it by a thousand witnesses. I have continued to declare this for above thirty years, and God has continued to confirm the word of his grace."

Mr. Wesley was once summoned before the Bishop of London. The Bishop said:

“Mr. Wesley, what is this Christian perfection, or holiness, which you and your brother are preaching all over the land?” Wesley replied:

“It is nothing more than a compliance with the command, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.’ ”

“Is that all, Mr. Wesley?”

“That is all.”

“Then,” said the Bishop, “publish it to the world.”

The early Methodist preached the doctrine everywhere they went; but they were not the original discoverers of this great truth. Their hearts were burning with desire to spread scriptural holiness “all over the land,” but others, in various branches of the Christian church, had preached Perfect Love before them.

George Fox, who was born nearly a hundred years before Wesley, and who founded the Society of Friends, took a decided position in favor of the distinctive work of grace in the heart, which we call sanctification.

I have selected some quotations from a little work containing conversations and letters by Nicholas Herman, of Loraine, an unlettered man, who, after having been a soldier and a footman, was admitted a *lay brother* among the barefooted Carmelites at Paris in 1666, and was afterward known by the appellation of Brother Lawrence.

After his conversion, which took place when he was about eighteen years of age (nearly two hundred and fifty years ago), he grew eminently in the knowledge and love of God, endeavoring to walk as *in His presence*, and to direct all his actions to His glory. In this course he continued until the advanced age of eighty, when God gave him rest from his labors.

The piety of his letters rescued them from oblivion. Many things have been said and written by more learned persons, and at an early date, but here is something of another kind, written by an illiterate person, whose knowledge was the result of his own experience: and yet, if, as one has said, "*a good conscience is the best divinity*," he was a very able divine. His experience proves that this doctrine is not alone taught by *men*, but is taught by the Holy Spirit to the humblest child of God.

M. Beaufort says: "In different conversations that I had with *Brother Lawrence*, he told me that he entered a monastery, thinking that by so doing he should sacrifice to God his life, with its pleasures. But that he had not found the expected satisfaction. He said it was 'lamentable that we had so little faith. That instead of taking *faith* for the rule of their conduct, men amused themselves with trivial devotions, which changed daily. That the way of faith was the spirit of the church, and that it was sufficient to bring us to a high degree of perfection.'

“ ‘God,’ said he, ‘has infinite treasures to bestow, and we take up with a little sensible devotion, which passes in a moment. Blind as we are, we hinder God, and stop the current of His graces. But when He finds a soul penetrated with a lively faith, He pours into it His graces and favors plentifully: there they flow like a torrent, which, after being forcibly stopped against its ordinary course, when it has found a passage, spreads itself with impetuosity and abundance.’ ”

In a letter to a friend he says: “Having found in many books different methods of going to God and divers practices of the spiritual life, I thought this might serve rather to puzzle me than facilitate what I sought after, which was nothing but how to become wholly God’s. This made me resolve to give the all for the all: so after having given myself wholly to God, that He might take away my sin, *I renounced, for the love of Him, everything that was not He, and began to live for God alone.* At all times even in the height of my business, I drove away from my mind everything that was capable of interrupting my thought of God. Our sanctification does not depend upon changing our works, but in doing that for God’s sake, which we commonly do for our own. It is lamentable to see how many people mistake the means for the end, addicting themselves to certain works, which they perform very unperfectly, by reason of their humor or selfish regards. The most excellent method of going to God that I have found is

that of doing our common business without any view of pleasing men only (and, as far as we are capable,) purely for the love of God.

“We ought not to be weary of doing little things for the love of God, who regards not the greatness of the work, but the love with which it is performed. We ought heartily, once for all, to put our whole trust in God, *and make a total surrender of ourselves to Him*. All things are possible to him who *believes*; they are less difficult to him who *hopes*, and more easy to him who *loves*, and *easier still* to him who *perseveres in the practice* of these three virtues. We should propose to ourselves to become, in this life, the most perfect worshipers of God we can possibly be, as we hope to be through all eternity.”

Again he says: “After I made the complete surrender to God, I found myself changed all at once; and my soul, which, till that time, was in trouble, felt a profound inward peace, as if she were in her centre and place of rest. Ever since that time I walk before God, simply, in faith, with humility and with love; and I apply myself diligently to do nothing which may displease Him. In short, I am assured beyond all doubt that my soul has thus been consciously with God for these thirty years. I consider myself constantly before Him, whom I regard as my *King*.”

“I have sinned against Him. I am unworthy. I cast myself upon His mercy. I trust in His love. I abandon myself in His hands. The King, full of

mercy and goodness, very far from chastising me, embraces me with love, makes me eat at His table, serves me with His own hands, gives me the key of His treasures; He converses and delights Himself with me incessantly, in a thousand ways, and treats me in all respects as His favorite.

“I find myself often attached to God with greater sweetness and delight than that of an infant in its mother’s arms, so that, if I dare use the expression, I should choose to call this state the bosom of God, for the inexpressible sweetness which I taste and experience there. The communion of my soul with God often causes in me joys and raptures so great that I am forced to use means to moderate them and prevent their appearance to others.”

The writer says of him: “His example was stronger than his argument. His very countenance was edifying; such a sweet calm devotion appearing in it as could not but effect the beholders. And it was observed, that in the greatest hurry of business, he still preserved his recollection and heavenly mindedness. He was never hasty nor loitering, but did each thing in its season, with an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquillity of spirit. He lived to a good old age. Among the last of his writings is the following letter to a friend:

“Not to advance in the spiritual life is to go back. But those who have the gale of the Holy Spirit, go forward even in sleep. If the vessel of our soul is still tossed with winds and storms, let us

awake the Lord, who reposes in it, and He will quickly calm the sea.

“‘It pained me to hear of the great loss Mr. —— has sustained. Perhaps Mr. —— was too much attached to him he has lost. We ought to love our friends, but without encroaching upon the love of God, which must be the principal.

“‘Pray remember what I have recommended to you, which is, to think often on God, by day, and by night, in your business and even in your diversions. He is always near you and with you; leave Him not alone. You would think it rude to leave a friend alone who came to visit you: why then must God be neglected? Do not then forget Him; but think on Him often, adore Him continually; this is the glorious employment of a Christian; in a word, this is our profession, if we do not know it, we must learn it. We have but little time to live, you are near sixty-four, and I am almost eighty. Let us live and die with God. Amen and Amen!’”

CHAPTER IX.

THE SWAN-SONG OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares,
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingles with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break,
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

CONSECRATION

To close the eye, and close the ear,
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
 To swoon to that from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away
 All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
 Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

PERFECT REST AT LAST.

(Experience of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, as recorded by herself.)

For some three or four years past there has been in my mind a subdued undercurrent of perplexity and unhappiness in regard to myself in my religious experience. I have often thought, when sitting by myself, "Why am I thus restless? Why not at peace? I love God and Jesus Christ with a real and deep devotion; and in general I mean to conform my life to Him. I am as consistent as many Christians—more; then why not satisfied?"

I could conceive of a style of Christian devotion as much higher than my present point as my present position is above that of the world. I often saw, as by a dart of sunlight, that an entire identity of my will with God's would remove all disquiet, and give joy even to suffering; as says Paul: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

The more I groaned in spirit, and longed and prayed, the more inveterate and determined and unsubdued seemed every opposing desire. The sensitive fear of blame, the ever-luring self-conscious desire of proving to myself and others that I was right, I perceived to be stronger and more efficient in me than the love of Christ, the fear of His opinion, and the desire of His will.

"Am I then not a Christian?" thought I. Then why do I, why have I, loved Christ—loved Him so deeply, as I know I have; nay, as I know I *do*?

I cannot tell. I think I love him above all; yet certainly my will is, at best, only in a small degree subjected to His. "Well, then," I thought, "if you see that entire union and identity of your will with Christ is the thing, why do you not have it? Just submit, give up all these separate interests. Unite your soul to Him in a common interest. Why not?" Ah, why not? Words of deep meaning to every one who tries that vain experiment! Every effort breaks like a wave upon a rock.

We reason, reflect, resolve, and pray, weep, strive, love—love to despair; and all in vain. In vain I adjured my soul. "Do you not love Christ? Why not, then, cut wholly loose from all these loves and take His will alone? Is it not reasonable, since you can be blessed in no other way? What else can you do?" Something said to me, "You are a Christian, perhaps, but not a full one." "Learn of Me," said Christ, "and ye shall find rest." I do not find rest, consequently I do not learn of Him. I perceive that the New Testament ideal of a Christian was different from *the* higher than what I ever tried or purposed to be; that I was only trying at parts, and allowedly in some things living below. Nor did it comfort me at all to think that other Christians did so, and even good ones, too, for I remembered, "He that shall break one of these least commandments," etc.

The question was distinctly proposed to me, "Will you undertake and make a solemn and earnest effort to realize the full ideal of Christ's plan, though not

one other Christian should?" The obstacles were many. "It will do no good to try. With a lower standard have I striven, wept, prayed, despaired in vain; and shall I undertake this? I shall never do it." This was my discouragement. How can I see God clearer than I have seen Him? Can I ever be searched and penetrated and bowed by a deeper love than I have known, and which yet has been transient, has never wholly subdued me? Can I make deeper, sincerer resolutions? No. Can I have more vivid views? No. What then?" I thought of this passage: "I will love Him, and my Father will love Him; and we will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him." "That is it," I thought. "Christ has been with me by visits and intervals; this permanent abode is what I have not known."

Again, "Abide in Me and I in you"—steady, ever-present Christ within, who should exert an influence steady as the pulse of my soul. This I needed. I copied that class of texts; I prayed with prayer unceasing that Christ would realize them; I despaired of bending my will; I despaired of all former and all present efforts; but at His word I resolved to begin and go for the whole. As James and John: "He said unto them, 'Launch out now and let down the net.' They said unto Him, 'Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word we will let down the net; and lo! the net break with the multitude of fishes.'"

What was the result? When self-despair was final, and I merely undertook at the word of Christ,

then came long-expected and wished-for help. All changed. Whereas once my heart ran with a strong current to the world, now it runs with a current the other way. What once it cost an effort to remember, now it costs an effort to forget. The will of Christ seems to me the steady pulse of my being, and I go because I cannot help it. Skeptical doubt cannot exist. I seem to see the full blaze of the Shekinah everywhere. I am calm but full, everywhere and in all things instructed, and find I can do all things through Christ.

H. B. S.

While she was in school, and about fourteen years of age, she read Baxter's "Saint's Rest." She was powerfully affected by it, and the impressions then made on her tender and plastic mind were never after effaced. God was preparing her for the great work that lay before her.

It was while her father was president of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati that she married Calvin E. Stowe, a young widower, and one of the professors of the institute. Her husband was, at that time, as she said, "rich in Greek and Hebrew, Latin and Arabic, and alas! rich in nothing else." One of her friends said, "Life became a hard struggle with poverty and sorrow." Among her writings we find she wrote from her heart "*Earthly Care a Heavenly Discipline.*"

Her trust in God gave her patient endurance. The more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles. Paul not only patiently endured the severe

trials that came to him, but he tells us he "glories in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." So Mrs. Stowe gained spiritual strength from these "Earthly Cares" and trials.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—which was translated into a score of languages, and produced such tremendous effects—helping to break the shackles from three millions of human beings, was written in the same spirit of consecration to Christ—perfect love to God—and love to all humanity. One writer says, "Most prominent among its characteristics was noted its thoroughly Christian atmosphere. She retained the clear witness of sanctifying grace throughout her entire life."

In the year 1887 she wrote a letter to a friend, containing the following:

"I am coming to that stage of my pilgrimage that is within sight of the river of death, and I feel that now I must have all in readiness, day and night, for the messenger of the King. I have sometimes in my sleep strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual life near to and with Christ and the multitude of holy ones, and the joy of it is like no other joy; it cannot be told in the language of the world. What I have, then, I know with absolute certainty; yet it

is so unlike and above anything we conceive of in this world that it is difficult to put it into words.

“The inconceivable loveliness of Christ! It seems that about Him there is a sphere where the enthusiasm of love is the calm habit of the soul, that without words, without the necessity of demonstrations of affection, we respond to the infinite love, and we feel His answer in us, and there is no need of words.”

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

She told the story and the whole world wept
At wrongs and cruelties it had not known
But for this fearless woman's voice alone.
She spoke to consciences that long had slept;
Her message, freedom's clear reveille swept
From heedless hovel to complacent throne,
Command and prophecy were in the tone,
And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt,
Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,
But both came forth transfigured from the flame.
Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save.
And blest be she who in our weakness came—
Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave
A race to freedom and herself to fame.
—*Paul Lawrence Dunbar, in The Century.*

CHAPTER X.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. DANIEL STEEL.

Mrs. Mary Sparkes Wheeler:

MY SISTER IN CHRIST: You are attempting a good service to our common Master by subpoenaing to the witness-stand living witnesses that the blood of Jesus Christ can make the believing soul whiter than snow. Dead men cannot be cross-examined, but the living can be, and they can be watched to see whether the life corroborates the lips. Having published so much respecting my own experience, I have of late been tempted to abstain lest some may attribute to me motives of spiritual pride in assuming that I was of so much importance that all the world will be interested in my words. To this suggestion I reply that while it is of the least importance that my name should be known by men, it is of the greatest possible interest to the whole world to know what the adorable Savior can do for men in this life.

To make this known there must be testimony, and since anonymous testimony is worthless, the

name of the witness must be attached to his affidavit. So I take up my pen again to aver out of my own joyful experience, that the doctrine of entire sanctification as taught by Paul and Wesley is eminently practical, and that John's teachings respecting Christian perfection, or the perfect love which casteth out all tormenting fear, presents an experience intensely real, and not merely ideal, as some annotators say.

How thick the veil before my eyes must have been, that I should live forty-six years with the New Testament in my hands before I made the discovery of a truth which lies open on every page! But my vision was not anointed. There are truths which transcend both the understanding and reason. These are unveiled only by the Paraclete whose office it is to reveal the Son of God in the consciousness of the full believer. "He shall testify of Me, he shall take of mine and shall show it unto you, he shall glorify Me."

In what I call my prepentecostal Christian life, I loved Jesus Christ as a distant historical character with whom I had very little personal acquaintance. His manifestations to me were like His appearance to the disciples during the forty days before His ascension—belief, unsatisfying, and at long intervals, leaving large spaces for doubt. He did not abide with me; much less did He abide in me. But during the last twelve years He has been an ever-present unspeakably joyful presence in the very care

of my being, my inmost consciousness. I know Him as I knew no other being. His Spirit has interpenetrated mine, making a duality next in mystery to the Holy Trinity.

If any one seeks to depreciate this experience by stigmatizing it as mere mysticism, he will fail to detract from its ineffable blessedness. The rose of Sharon, blooming ever within my soul, is just as sweet under any other name. This is by no means a stationary state. It is a constant and rapid growth in spiritual stature. It is a series of divine manifestations each more precious and wonderful than the last.

“O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord!
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joy before unknown,
Each day new liberty!”

Why should it be incredible that perfect love, pure love with no alloy should increase on earth and evermore in heaven? A Rocky Mountain spring may send forth its streamlet of perfectly pure water which may increase till it becomes the majestic Mississippi.

“Like a river glorious
Is God’s perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day,
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.”

This poetry of the sainted Miss Havergal is the joyous outgush of a soul "lifted into the sunshine" of perfect love; it is the testimony of every one who has lost self and found God. The same pen more perfectly portrays my daily experience:

"The fullness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fullness of His promise crowns every brightening day;
The fullness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fullness of His love."

If asked to specify the points of difference between justification, experimentally, not theologically, I would say that the first saved me from sinning, the second from sin. The first created hunger, the second brought fullness. The first admitted doubt, the second, excluding it, brought in assurance. The first was a state of inward conflict, the second is a state of undisturbed peace. The first was a life of glimpses and partial seeing, the second is the noontide of spiritual vision. The first was darkened with clouds of fear, painful fear of death, forebodings of future ill and a slavish fear of God, the second casts out tormenting fear and bolts the door so strongly that it cannot return.

"I cannot fear thee, blessed will!
Thine empire is so sweet!"

The king of terrors has been discrowned and made to wear the livery of my adorable Lord Jesus, meekly doing service as a janitor, opening the gates of pearl to His friends. I have tested this precious

grace in health and in years of nervous prostration, in my quiet home, on the ocean wave and climbing the Alps in quest of restored vigor, and I have found it everywhere and always the same. It is durable and portable. Reader, if it is not yours, seek it till you find it. It is your rightful heritage in Christ's name.

DANIEL STEEL.

LETTER FROM DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

D. S. SPENCER.

(At the time of the writing of this letter, Rev. Dr. D. S. Spencer was a student in Drew Theological Seminary. After graduation he went to Japan as a missionary. He has been one of the most successful missionaries ever sent to that land, and has done much to establish Christianity in the Empire.)

MADISON, N. J.

Mrs. Mary Sparkes Wheeler:

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST: I want to tell you a little news which will cause you to rejoice in the Lord. I came here from our camp-meeting in Dinock, Pa., dissatisfied with my Christian experience, and determined to plead with God till I felt myself saved from *all sin*. I believed that I was a Christian. I *knew* I was, and I was just as thoroughly convinced that the Bible teaches that we must get rid of the *roots of bitterness*, and be saved from *inbred sin*.

I had, at first, no one to sympathize with me, or help me in any way. A few days after the opening, there came a brother who had experienced perfect love, and he gave me encouragement and help by telling me his experience, and by pointing out the way.

I struggled on until October 8, when between ten and twelve o'clock P. M., in this same brother's

room, after a day of darkness and much earnest prayer, God let the light of full salvation into my soul, so that I knew it, as well as did the brethren in adjoining rooms. Since then I have had perfect victory. I am in the "land of corn and wine." I *know* this, for all my night has passed away. I am now enabled to realize what Paul means in Gal. 11-20: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." But this is not all; indeed, it was but the commencement of better days in Drew. It was but a few days before the Lord saw fit to bring some who had laughed at me to experience the same saving power. From one to another the truth ran. But the *great victory* came last evening.

We have been holding half-hour prayer meetings each evening this term at 6.30 P. M. Last evening we met as usual before the hour for church. The meeting for twenty minutes was nothing unusual, but then the saving power of God began to be manifest. One after another gained the victory. Such praying, such shouting, such singing, I have never before heard. Some were shaken like leaves before a tempest. The tongues of some were unloosed and passages of Scripture seemed to come as if by inspiration. Some lay prostrate, wholly unconscious of surroundings. A brother would begin to plead earnestly with God for the descent of

the Holy Spirit upon himself and in perhaps two minutes the victory would be gained.

There were but two exceptions to this rule. One was that of a brother T., who is a Congregationalist—a man of very cool temperament, but when God saved him fully last evening, he stood with hands uplifted toward Heaven, and sang at the top of his voice:

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!”

The other was a young brother N., who had a stubborn will to overcome. He struggled for hours before he could surrender all. I never saw greater agony of soul, but when the victory did come, every one in the building knew it. Every man who came to the meeting stayed all through it, and who had not previously received the blessing was baptized before he left. Ten were added to our number last night; making, thus far, *fifteen* whom God hath seen fit to save with *full salvation* through the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus. For this wonderful outpouring we give God all the glory.

Most of this forenoon has been spent in meetings of prayer and praise. Brother H. is an orphan boy, began his education as a canal driver, became a Roman Catholic and a rum seller. Went to college with scarce money enough to pay for getting the trunk carried to his room. He has worked his way to this point, and when saved last night lifted his

only hand toward Heaven and shouted, "GLORY TO GOD! Doubting Thomas, the poor orphan boy, the canal hand, the Roman Catholic, the rum seller, has received the Holy Ghost!"

It seems to me, Sister Wheeler, that this thing has some significance. This is Drew Theological Seminary. These brethren are mostly, or many of them, college-bred men. It has happened on the Sabbath day, when we were in a little *upper room*, with one accord in one place. Surely this is the Lord's doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes. We are praying, and trusting, and expecting more of our students to enter into this perfect *rest*. Pray for Drew, and do not cease to bear before the throne.

Your Brother in Christ,

D. S. SPENCER.

REPLY TO D. S. S.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST: Your letter interested me much. As a cherished friend of former days—as an ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ—as a young student studying to show himself approved unto God—a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, I can but feel a peculiar interest in you, and rejoice when I learn of your progress intellectually and spiritually.

The joyful news contained in your letter filled me with gratitude to God that in Drew Theological Seminary He has led the young men who are preparing to preach the word of life to a lost world, to this entire consecration; and baptized so many of them with the Holy Spirit. I rejoice with you, dear brother, that *you* have entered this highway of holiness, and that trusting in Christ, you are enabled to say:

“’Tis done, Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have
And spotless love and peace.”

How I should like to have been with you, at that wonderful meeting, when salvation’s tide rolled in upon you, and the students, so many of them, one by one, each for himself, fully surrendered all to Christ, and

“Plunged into the purple flood
To rise in all the life of God.”

That was a day which you will never forget through time, nor in eternity.

Your experience is much like my own. I remember as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, my feelings when I reached this *Beulah land*. What sympathy was there between my Divine Lord and myself! How heartily I entered into his plans, as I understood them, for the evangelization of the world, and the salvation of sinners! How my heart yearned with unutterable longings for the sanctification of believers, and for the baptism of fire to fall upon the entire church of God! Oh, what humility was mine, what self-abnegation, what a sinking into Christ!

And when the angel of the covenant touched my lips with living fire, what a change was wrought in me! I who was afraid of the sound of my own voice; so timid, so shrinking, who had felt myself to be *weakness personified*, was now upheld by Omnipotent power. The word of the Lord was like fire shut up in my bones. I was weary with refraining, and to every call of the Spirit I responded: "Here am I, Lord, send me."

I had been in attendance upon a camp-meeting, and as I emerged from the grove, and looked out upon the varied landscape with hill and dale, mountain and river, the earth seemed illuminated with Divine Light; and with a heart filled with wonder, love, and praise, I could but exclaim: "Oh, this beautiful world!" The very air seemed laden with the breath of God, and the perfumes of Paradise.

The fleecy clouds seemed like the chariots of the white-robed angels of peace, and as the trees tossed their branches to the sky, they seemed to be clapping their hands, and waving their hallelujahs to God, and the Lamb!

But we cannot always remain on these mountains of transfiguration. We must come down to labor and toil, to meet with the temptation and trial, but though amid life's conflicts our joy not always ecstatic, it is our privilege *always* to abide in Christ. And if we thus dwell in Him, and walk in the light, as God is in the light, "we have fellowship one with the other, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Not *can* cleanse, or *will* cleanse, but **CLEANSETH**. I thank God for that word! *Now*, in the present tense. The blood *cleanseth us from all sin*. All glory to the dying Lamb.

While reading your letter one thought impressed me deeply, that of personal influence, and individual responsibility. At first you *alone* felt the need of this blessing, and resolved to seek it. You had no one to sympathize with you, no one to help you, but he who has promised that those who seek shall find, sent the needed help; and as God answered prayer, and opened the windows of heaven and poured you out a blessing, others were convicted and sought for the same fullness. Thus the holy fire kept spreading until this glorious revival of which you speak was brought about, and the records of eternity alone will reveal the amount of

good accomplished through your perseverance in seeking for this baptism of power. I know, though you were the instrument God used, you do give Him the glory, and from the fullness of your heart are saying, "Unto Him who hath washed us in His own blood, to Him be glory and honor, dominion and power, forever and ever. Amen!"

I am glad that these institutions hold the truth in its purity; and that the students are arming themselves with the panoply of God, and wielding the sword of the Spirit as the unfailing weapon with which to beat back the enemies of truth and righteousness. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds.

Another thought that impressed me was this: When you received the Holy Spirit "*others knew it.*" By your shouts of victory, and songs of praise, by the gladness of your hearts, by the joy that shone upon your faces, you proclaimed what great things God had done for you. I believe God was glorified by this demonstration. The tendency of the age, in religious gatherings, is to suppress and conceal all emotion, and to regard the exhibition of it as an evidence of weakness, or lack of culture. While we would guard against fanaticism, or religious cant, we would encourage fervor and enthusiasm in the worship of God.

On the day of Pentecost, when all the followers of Christ were filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance, the

news was "*noised abroad,*" and multitudes came together and were amazed and marveled at what they saw and heard, and the result was the conversion of three thousand souls.

The representation of the heavenly worshipers as given in the word of God, is enthusiastic. John, the Revealer, said: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.'" "And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, 'Amen: Blessing and glory and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen!'"

Isaiah, also, saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the Seraphim, each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.'

Perhaps some will say "This is figurative, and not a representation of earthly worshipers. *God is a spirit* and must be worshiped in spirit, not in outward signs and demonstrations; and they will quote the verse so often sung:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed.
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

This is true, and God will never quench the hidden fire, or the smoking flax; but if the fire continues to burn, it will burst forth into a mighty flame, and can no longer be hidden. The fire of Divine Love is an all-consuming element, and it will

"Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow."

I am glad that the fountain opened for us is sufficient for the cleansing of the entire human family. *Our Father is no respecter of persons*, and we are commissioned to go into all the world and preach this gospel to every creature. Not only to the learned and the virtuous, but also to the ignorant, the vicious, the degraded, and the abandoned. Oh, for the power of the Holy Ghost that will send us gladly down if need be, to the very lowest depths of degradation, superstition, and wretchedness to rescue souls for whom Jesus died! Yes! going down after them to bring them up and prepare

them to shine as jewels in the Savior's crown. "He that winneth souls is wise." Lord give us this wisdom!

Praying that the God of peace, who has sanctified you wholly, may preserve you blameless, I am,

Yours in Christ,

M. S. W.

CHAPTER XI.

EXPERIENCE OF THE AUTHOR, MARY SPARKES
WHEELER.

(First published in *Forty Witnesses*: G. O.
Garrison.)

I was born in England, near Tientern Abbey. At the age of six years I came with my family to America. My parents were devoted Christians, and spared no pains to train me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Since my earliest recollection I have never passed a day without prayer, but it was not always the prayer of faith that brought salvation, for I often felt the burden of sin and condemnation on my heart.

When eight years of age I was once playing "class-meeting" during recess at school. I was leader. All passed off joyfully until a little girl, younger than myself, arose to speak. She seemed to take the matter all in earnest, and said with trembling voice, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "I am not as good as I ought to be. I sometimes do wrong and disobey my mamma. Pray for me

that I may be forgiven." Suddenly my own heart began to ache. I thought, "If that little innocent girl needs pardon how much more do I." The meeting closed and I started for home.

When I supposed myself to be entirely alone, out of sight and hearing, I wept aloud. A gentleman, until then unobserved by me, passed, and said in pitying tones :

"What's the matter, little girl?"

I made no reply. I did not stop until I reached my own little room, and falling upon my knees, with a broken and contrite heart I prayed earnestly for pardon. God heard my prayer.

"He spake at once my sins forgiven
And gave me glory, peace and heaven."

That night, young as I was, I could scarcely sleep for joy. I believe I was then converted, and had I told my parents and availed myself of the counsel and aid they would so gladly have given, I might have walked in the light from that time until the present. But I did not understand that I was old enough to be a Christian; did not hold fast whereunto I had attained, and soon relapsed into my former state.

As years passed I drank into the spirit of the world, and it was not until I was fourteen years of age that I made up my mind, after a great struggle, to give my heart to Christ and become a Christian. At that time I was powerfully convicted of sin. I tried to quench the Spirit, I was away

from home attending school, but my heart was so overwhelmed with a sense of my sins and my need of a Savior that I could neither eat nor sleep.

One day I tried in vain to commit my lessons to memory, and asked the teacher to excuse me. I went to my seat and with my head in my hands, entirely oblivious to all that was passing around me, I promised God if he would spare me until a certain quarterly meeting, which was to be held some miles away, in about six months from that time, I would attend it and there seek Christ.

My heart grew calm, and I pursued my studies without anxiety until the Friday preceeding the meeting. Then came a great conflict with the adversary. I thought, "To-morrow I am to seek God." The tempter said: "You are too young to begin now! All the other students, with few exceptions, are attending dancing school, getting ready to enjoy life. You are cutting yourself off from all that is desirable in the future."

"But I promised God, and I must."

"You cannot, because you have no feeling now. You must wait until you feel as deeply as before."

"I promised I would wait no longer, and I must seek *now*."

Thus the controversy continued until my head began to ache. Wishing in some way to calm my troubled mind, I took a magazine from the shelf, intending for a time to change the subject by reading

some entertaining story. I opened it, and the first words my eye rested upon were these :

“If now you’re convinced, O yield to conviction!
Resolve to be God’s in the strength of His grace,
E’en now he beholds you with tender affection
And you as His child He longs to embrace.”

Affrighted, I threw the book from me. A trembling seized me. I fell upon my knees and said :

“O, Lord, it is enough! I will keep my promise. I will attend the meeting and acknowledge myself a seeker.”

I did so. When at the close of the Saturday evening meeting the presiding elder asked those who desired to become Christians to arise, I arose alone in the great congregation. I was so young that my rising attracted no attention, and called forth no remark or prayer, but when I reached my place of entertainment, in company with my own pastor’s wife, she proposed prayer for me, and herself offered a fervent petition for the “dear child who had resolved to remember her Creator in the days of her youth.”

I did not experience any change in my mind during the meetings that followed, and returned on Monday morning disheartened—disappointed. Now the enemy renewed his attack, and said :

“You put it off too long, and God has turned away from you, for is it not written, ‘Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh;

then shall they seek Me early but shall not find Me?" Nearly a week passed away, bringing no relief to my heart, but I determined that I would never cease seeking until I had found Christ.

Desiring uninterrupted communion with God, I entered a little grove nearby, and kneeling by a moss-covered log, I prayed earnestly for pardon. I tried to repeat God's promises to penitents, and while thus engaged hope sprang into my heart, and I began to believe that mercy could reach even me, and amid my tears I said:

"Here Lord I give myself away!
'Tis all that I can do."

The burden of condemnation rolled away, and I was freely pardoned. When I reached home the sun was gilding the west with radiance and glory; so the Sun of my soul seemed to be flooding my heart with light and peace. It was not a rapturous joy, but peace like a river, continually growing wider and deeper. My experience was clear and definite. I *knew* that I had passed from death unto life, and the "joy this blessed assurance gives," dwelt in my soul continually.

I continued to walk in the light. I had an ardent desire to live a deeply spiritual life. To be merely an "acceptable member of the Church," was not enough. I resolved that I would take for my motto this verse:

"Be as holy and as happy
And as useful here below
As it is your Father's pleasure—
Jesus, only Jesus, know."

I did grow in grace, but the progress I made seemed

very slow and unsatisfactory. I was constantly struggling against inbred sin. The carnal mind would assert itself, and with tears and self-abasement I was often led to cry, "I am carnal, sold under sin." "For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." "For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do." "Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." I resolved in the strength of grace that I would be made "free from the law of sin and death." I said, "O! Jesus, if Thou canst do the work, let it be done quickly, instantaneously!" And I began to seek earnestly for entire sanctification.

Time would fail me in telling of the conflicts with the powers of darkness, the struggles of my soul in trying, in some way, to free itself from the body of this death before sin and self were abandoned and the heart was unconditionally surrendered to Christ. I sought earnestly for months. My anxiety was so great that at times I was almost overwhelmed. My conviction was much deeper than that preceding conversion. I wept, fasted, prayed, consecrated and humbled myself before the Lord over and over again. I would have given life itself to have secured the blessing. Often amid tears I sang:

"I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood.
To dwell within Thy wounds, then pain
Is sweet, or life, or death is gain."

Blessed be God! The fountain was open! Christ was more willing to bestow than I was to receive, but I did not understand the way to faith. I was young, less than sixteen years of age, had never heard a sermon on the subject, had read but little, did not know where to procure the helps I needed. I reversed God's order. I said, "I must know and feel that the work is done before I *believe* it.

To be sanctified wholly is a great blessing, and my joy must be correspondingly great, and until I have a joy unspeakable and full of glory I will not believe. Thus I lingered, and could not enter in because of unbelief. At times I was tempted to regret that I had ever heard of the doctrine, for before this I was happy in the enjoyment of justifying grace. Now I had come up to the Red Sea of difficulty. I had received the command "Go forward!" To retreat must be spiritual death. How to go forward I did not know. But God, who divided the Red Sea, opened the way for me also.

One day I went to a prayer meeting, hoping to hear something on the subject that would help me, and bring relief to my mind, but was disappointed. As I was returning home, bearing on my heart a burden that seemed unendurable, I prayed earnestly to God for help. While passing a house, a lady with whom I was only slightly acquainted, and who knew nothing of the state of my mind, called to me, saying:

"I have a little book here which perhaps you may like to read."

"What is it?" I earnestly inquired.

"I do not know," she replied, "I have not read it, but I know it is good, because my friend, Mrs. A., who lives in New York, sent it to me, and just as you came in sight the thought occurred to me that you had so much more leisure than I it would be well for you to read it first."

I opened the book. It was entitled: "*A Present to My Christian Friend*," by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. In it the author plainly describes the way of faith. I went to my room, and falling upon my knees before God, I read every word before rising. O, what a feast to my hungry soul! Every question that had perplexed me was satisfactorily answered, every difficulty removed. Presenting myself to Christ was such a reasonable sacrifice, and after doing this, it was so easy to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God.

If an angel had come down from heaven and handed me the book I could not have believed more fully that God sent it to me. Now the mystery vanished and the simplicity of faith amazed me, and in the calmness of that hour I took Jesus as my complete Savior from all sin. There was no rapturous joy at first, but the burden was gone. The "man of sin" was cast out, and Christ had entire possession, while a peace which passeth all understanding seemed to permeate my entire being. That night I dreamed that in company with a friend, who

had but a few weeks before entered into this perfect peace, I was walking on a narrow strip of land "twixt two unbounded seas," when suddenly a cyclone or storm of wind arose. I looked at my friend. It did not disturb her—it did not even move the folds of her dress—while I was powerless before it. It lifted me from earth and was bearing me out to the ocean. I caught hold of the branches of a tree that overhung the water, but they began to bend and break. I thought, "I shall surely be drowned in the depths of the sea." In my anguish I cried: "Lord, increase my faith! Lord, increase my faith!" Immediately the branches broke, but instead of sinking I began to rise, and with nothing but the ocean beneath me, and the sky above me, I floated outward and upward, nearer and nearer to God, while my soul was filled with ineffable glory. In a few moments I was awakened by my sainted mother, who said:

"What is the matter? Do you know you were making a noise? You were shouting 'Glory!' at the top of your voice."

"It was only a dream, dear mother, but God has been teaching me wondrously to-day, and to-night he is teaching me to let go of every earthly support and by simple faith alone launch out into the ocean of His infinite love."

I rested here for about two weeks, when one day the Holy Spirit whispered: "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testi-

mony. You have believed and received, now confess Him." The enemy said:

"Will you dare profess that you are perfect in love when you have no evidence, only the word?"

I said, "Yes! I know by faith I know. God's word is more reliable than my emotions; when I have a favorable opportunity I will tell to the glory of God what He has done for me."

A few days after, while seated at the tea table with a company of Christians, a clergyman said to me:

"My young sister, have you ever reached the point where you felt that you could claim Christ as your Savior from all sin? Do you love God supremely?"

I replied: "I trust I have. I hope I do." Instantly the Spirit seemed to say:

"That is not definite. That does not glorify me. You said you knew by faith. Tell them so."

I said so loud that all could hear me: "Yes, I know that Jesus saves me from all sin. I *do* love God with *all my heart*."

No sooner had I uttered the words than I felt a strength imparted that I had never before experienced. That evening the pastor called upon me to pray audibly. My voice had never before been heard in so public a place, but while lifting my heart and voice to Christ the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I was lost in wonder, love and praise.

For months that followed I seemed to be in a new world. My heart was filled to overflowing with joy, and the whole earth seemed flooded with the glory of God. My will was the will of my Lord, and my highest joy came in doing what I conceived to be his will. I knew the cleansing blood had been applied. My soul was burning with the desire for the sanctification of the entire Church. It was no longer a cross to profess purity of heart, but I found great joy and satisfaction in urging all with whom I came in contact, who had given their names to the Church, to plunge into the purple flood and rise in all the life of God.

I would mention some of my difficulties and triumphs in becoming established in holiness. With humiliation I recall many lapses, with gratitude the forbearance and long suffering of the Holy Spirit. The lapses came in neglecting to testify to this saving grace. In my earlier experience the enemy would sometimes suggest that as so many in the Church were older and wiser, and richer in Christian grace than myself, at whose feet I could sit and learn of Jesus, and they did not profess this blessing, therefore, it would be immodest for me to say much about it; that I could live it, and the life would testify sufficiently without words.

As often as I yielded to this suggestion I lost ground in a measure and was shorn of my strength, and I have learned by experience that I must not only believe in my heart, but also confess with my

mouth this uttermost salvation. Many years have passed since I entered this blessed "Beulah land." God has kept me by His power, not stationary, but constantly advancing from grace to grace, and from glory to glory, until often in amazement my soul cries out, "My Lord and my God!"

"If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord."

CHAPTER XII.

EXPERIENCE OF MRS. MARY GRANT CRAMER.

Sister of President U. S. Grant.

(Mrs. Cramer was for several years my assistant in the Mothers' Meetings, held at Ocean Grove, N. J. The meetings were public, and largely attended, and her Bible readings, and other exercises were highly appreciated and helpful. We copy the first stanza of her favorite song.)

“Lead, kindly light, amid th’ encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step’s enough for me.”

Dear Mrs. Wheeler:

Your kind note, asking that I send you some of my experience for your new book, has just reached me. I confess that I shrink a little in sending such a reply as you desire, because I think it is an unmerited honor for some of my experience to have a place in the book that you are engaged in writing. I would gladly pen something for it, if by so doing I could magnify the name of Him who redeemed me.

“The fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom,” with me; reading Sunday School books made a wholesome but transient impression upon my youthful mind. My thoughts wandered so during preaching, even after I was grown to maturity, that I was often conscious smitten when reflecting upon the sad fact that I profited but little by the sermons I heard.

My reticence upon religious topics was one of many objections I had to becoming a Christian; fearing that if I did God would require me to urge the unconverted to seek their souls' salvation. In the summer of '62, I deliberately resolved to seek this blessing, and to gain the witness, if possible, that my sins were forgiven, and my God reconciled, fearing it would be forever too late if postponed any longer. Soon after this I came under deep conviction at a camp meeting near Cincinnati, Ohio; and for eight months I daily sought the forgiveness of my sins, in the meantime confining my reading almost entirely to religious literature.

My Bible and Methodist hymn book were my chief companions. I united with the Methodist Church at the age of fourteen years; this had a restraining influence on me. Having often to assist in entertaining visitors at my father's house who were silent upon religious subjects was a hindrance to my conversion; but through the mercy of God this blessed event occurred the following spring.

On the morning of April 27th I awoke to the joyful consciousness that I was indeed a new crea-

ture in Christ Jesus. That was the happiest day I had ever known. I was amazed at the change in myself, and went on my way rejoicing for three months, trying daily to do something for the glory of God. This made me appear peculiar in the eyes of some of my friends, and hearing that a lady was afraid to visit us lest I should speak to her in regard to her spiritual welfare, I felt grieved, and concluded to act more as professing Christians usually did. Fatal resolution! It cost me my happiness and communion with God, but months later both were restored.

A season of sunshine and shadows followed, but the shadows predominated. Far too much of the old self remained for me to be a consistent Christian. This character was still harder for me to maintain in Germany, where my husband resided for three years in an official capacity. But one night while visiting in Bremen, God spoke a prophetic sentence to my soul that deeply impressed and comforted me. I remained under the quickening influence of this impression till after my return to America; but a few years later I needed another quickening and received it while visiting my parents. The same year I returned to my husband in Denmark, where we resided for many years, surrounded by deadening influences, for the world hemmed us in closely on all sides.

Deprived of the privileges of the sanctuary, and rarely meeting among the titled aristocracy, with whom our lot was cast, any person with whom I

felt at liberty to hold religious converse. I became discouraged, and tempted to believe that vain must be my efforts to lead a religious life in the Danish Capitol. During the latter part of our sojourn there we met a few persons in high life (and more not belonging to it) who evidently enjoyed speaking about heavenly things. This was especially the case with a lady of high rank, whose conversation with me never took a worldly turn after discovering that we were in religious sympathy with each other.

This was a most agreeable surprise to me, because of the universal impression in Danish society that religious conversations must be avoided. One excuse made to me for this was that religion is too sacred to be talked about; to do so made one appear eccentric. But regardless of this risk two young ladies (sisters) were converted in our house a short time before our departure, and their mother has since found peace in believing in Christ as her Redeemer.

Not finding a gay life at all congenial to my quiet tastes, I became much absorbed in my favorite occupation, *painting*, and for a few years it was as Lord Radstock told me, *my idol*. This devoted evangelist preached several times in our house during his lordship's sojourn in Copenhagen, and his Christian counsel had a blessed influence upon me, for I again sought and obtained the Divine favor, enjoying communion with God under peculiar difficulties during the remaining years of our residence abroad.

For nineteen years my Christian life had been on too low a plane; it had been marked with conflicts, and I regret to confess that defeats had been more numerous than victories, though I still held fast my confidence in God and daily sought His guidance. Believing that He never intended we should alternately advance and recede along the "straight and narrow way," and knowing that many press steadily forward, I resolved by Divine help to do the same. With this heaven-inspired purpose in my soul, I spent the following summer at Ocean Grove, N. J., availing myself of its abundant means of grace. My soul hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and very earnest were my efforts in that sacred locality to get built up in the most holy faith.

The counsel and prayers of advanced Christians were eagerly sought, and often did I bow in humility of soul at the altar of prayer, seeking a *clean heart*. To have all inbred sin removed. To comprehend with all saints the length and breadth, the height and depth, and to know the love of God which passeth knowledge that I might be filled with all the fullness of God. I longed for the *fullness*—all that God was willing to impart. He heard my prayer. I knew it was useless and presumptuous to have a controversy with God, and I fully consecrated soul, body and spirit to Him, and my heart was brought into complete subjection to His power. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," and what a change this power had wrought in my heart!

Instead of shrinking from presenting Christ I longed for opportunities to do or say something for Him, and when you came to me and asked me to assist you in the Mothers' Meetings, I felt, though unworthy, that God had directed you and the meeting was a great help to me. In regard to the Bible readings given at Ocean Grove, it is certainly kind in you and others to think that good came from that; but then it was because the Lord had compassion on me and helped me on that occasion. Praise His holy name!

How quickly the dear Lord opens doors of labor before us when we are prepared to enter them. While spending a week in Auburndale, I met Miss Frances E. Willard. After a little conversation we separated, and very soon I was informed that I had been elected Superintendent of Evangelistic Work in that State for the W. C. T. U. About two hours before I was aware of my appointment I opened the Bible to Joel 111, 13: "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; come, get you down, for the press is full, the fats overflow; for the wickedness is great." I was much impressed with the command in the verse. It seemed like a divine seal upon the work given me to do. Its importance, and my own sense of unfitness for it, would overwhelm and discourage me, but for my faith in God, and I dare not shrink from it after crying to God so long in a foreign land to fit me for service and use me. Perhaps this is his way of answering my prayer.

Your charitable disposition leads you to overrate me. I have no gifts to rely upon, but must look simply to Jesus in this emergency, strengthened by the thought that He often uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. The blessed word of God is increasingly precious to me, and I covet a sphere of life that will help me to live for His glory, and to win souls that will shine forever in the Savior's crown.

But should it again be my lot to cross the sea and dwell among strangers, I shall take Jesus with me, and trusting in Him who is mighty to save, I shall expect to be kept faithful, though it be among the faithless, and hope to return again to my native land endued with power from on high, and ready to occupy any place, or perhaps any duty that the Lord in His infinite wisdom may assign me.

Yours in Christ,

MARY G. CRAMER.

Since writing the above Mrs. Cramer has gone to her heavenly home, and now her fondest hopes and grandest conceptions of Eternal Life, as expressed in song, find realization.

“So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

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